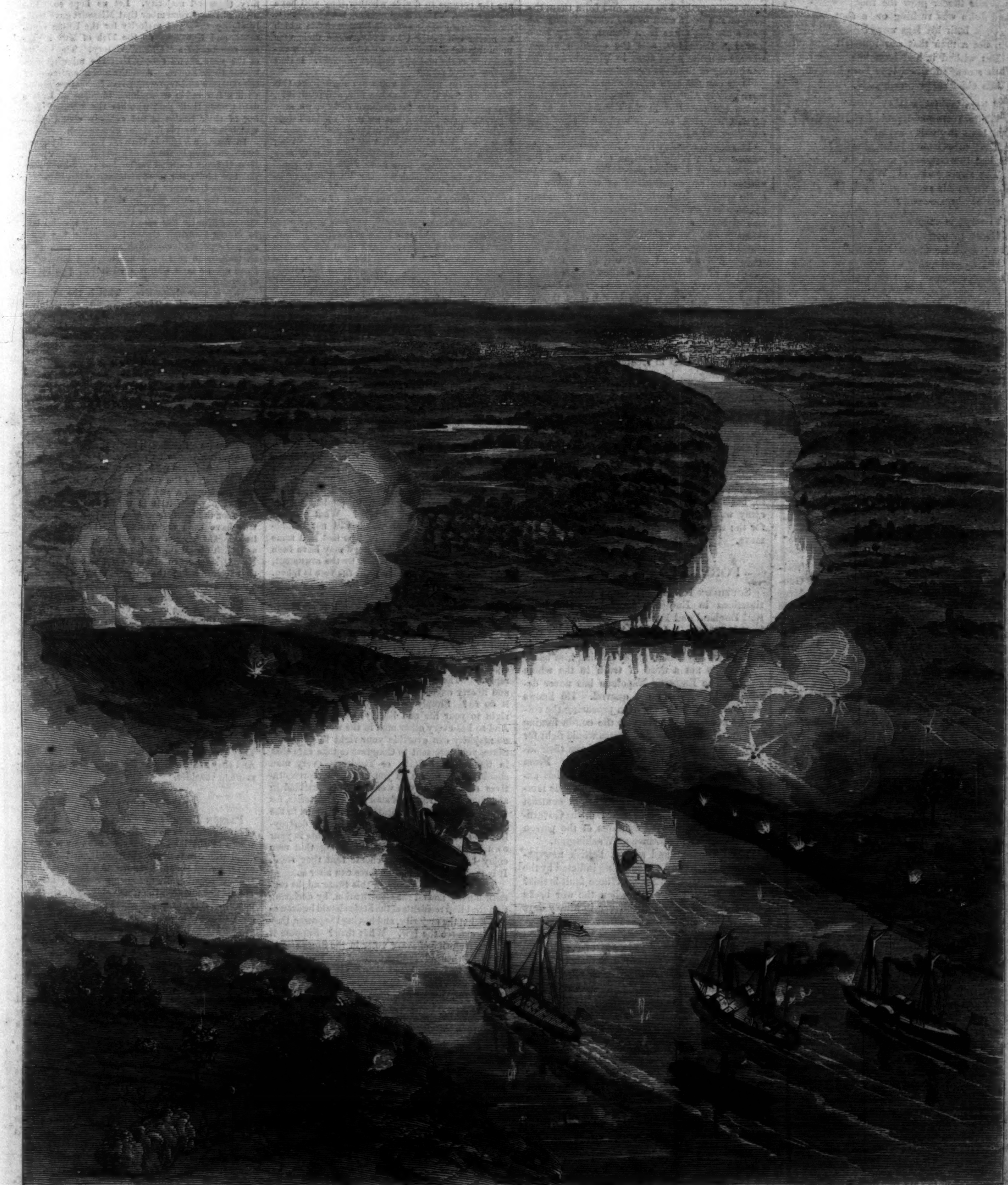
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VI.—No. 283.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



BALLOON VIEW OF THE ATTACK ON FORT DARLING, IN THE JAMES RIVER, BY COMMANDER ROGERS'S GUN-BOAT FLOTILLA, "GALENA," "MONITOR," ETC.—[SEE PAGE 343.]

JOHN LORENCE.

ROANOKE ISLAND, FEBRUARY 8, 1862.

Oh, well the Ninth New Jersey fought
  On bloody Roanoke!
Its front stood firm, its colors waved,
  Its line was never broke!
And every eye flashed bright that day,
  And every heart beat strong;
For every manly soul kept time
  To the musket-bullet's song.

Brave men grew braver as they marked
  How Corporal Lorence fought,
And ever while the contest raged
  The post of danger sought.
Columbia's grand, inspiring voice
  Was sounding in his ear:
"Strike nobly now," it seemed to say,
  "And cast away all fear!"

Alas! before the day was won,
  While fiercer grew the fray,
And John was rushing on, a shot
  Took both his legs away!
Oh, not a man that saw him fall
  But wished it had been he:
Each struggled, when they bore him off,
  His chief support to be.

The hero lay insensible
  While knives and probes pierced deep:
God bless the noble art of man
  That caused that painless sleep!
At last the surgeon's task is o'er:
  The sleeper wakes. What sound
Has thrilled his soul, and made him glance
  So eagerly around?

"Victory!" is the thrilling cry
  Borne in upon the gale.
The patriot rose upon his arm,
  His face, till now so pale,
Flushed with new joy: he waved his cap,
  And gave three hearty cheers
For the Union and the glorious Ninth
  New Jersey Volunteers!

And now he lies, unmurmuring,
  A cripple, thin and weak:
Yet none mistake the patriot fire
  Who chance to hear him speak.
He longs to go, though on his stumps,
  And serve his country more:
Brave Lorence! well your country knows
  Your fighting days are o'er!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 31, 1862.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

We publish in another column the President's Proclamation rescinding the General Order of General Hunter, by which the slaves in South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida were freed. The President takes the ground that the right of emancipating negroes under the war power belongs to him, and that he does not choose to delegate it to commanders in the field.

This message will satisfy the conservative people in the Northern States. So grave a question as the abolition of slavery in the States can not be left to the discretion of military officers. A uniform policy must be adopted by the Government, and carried out in every case. The only person who can determine that policy is the President, and he only does his duty when he refuses to share the privilege and the responsibility.

The closing paragraph of the Proclamation indicates clearly enough to which side the President's sympathies and inclinations lean. Indeed, it may be regarded somewhat in the light of a threat and a warning. He appeals to the people of the slaveholding States to accept the generous offer made to them by Congress while it is yet time. The "signs of the times," he warns them, point to the abolition of an institution which is not in harmony with the spirit of the age or reconcilable with the peace of the country. It is for the Slave States to decide whether they will run the risk of having it abolished under the war power, with suddenness and disaster, and without compensation, or whether they will have the sagacity to anticipate necessity, and avail themselves of a Congressional subsidy. The country pauses to hear Maryland's answer.

THE FOOD QUESTION IN SECESSIA.

The rebel Legislature of Virginia is debating resolutions affirming the determination of the insurgents in that State to persevere in their purpose of rebellion, notwithstanding the fall of New Orleans and the other mishaps which have lately befallen the "Confederate" cause.

The fall of New Orleans and Pensacola, the capture of Fort Macon, and the successful advance of M'Clellan to within a day's march of Richmond, may not prove, *in themselves*, fatal to the rebel cause. They must operate to dishearten the soldiery enlisted in the service of Jeff Davis, and they must serve to correct the impression, once widely prevalent at the South, that one Southerner was a match for five or ten Yankees. But the mere seizure by our troops of one or two more points on the Southern coast does not in itself involve the failure of the rebellion.

It is the material results flowing from the seizure of these points which are important. The capture of New Orleans and the presence of our gun-boats in the Mississippi cut off the rebel armies from their principal supplies of food. When the cotton States first seceded their leaders insisted that the possession of the rich States of Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri was essential to their success, because without them they could not feed their armies. They lost Missouri in January, and Kentucky in March; they long since consumed all that Virginia could supply. Texas and Arkansas, both large producers of beef, still remained to them, and from them the bulk of the meat used by the rebels during the past sixty days has been drawn. They have now lost them too, and the question arises, whence can the rebel army in Virginia and the rebel army of the Southwest draw rations?

They can get corn every where, and there is some pork in Alabama, Mississippi, and the other cotton States. But in the Confederacy, as at present bounded, there is no beef. How long can the armies fight without beef?

The rebels comfort themselves by reading accounts of the Whig partisan corps during the Revolutionary war, and assert their readiness to endure the same privations as were borne by those heroes. There is more chivalry than calculation in this. Marion, leading a small squadron of horse, could manage to exist on sweet-potatoes and the accidental products of occasional foraging expeditions. But when fifty or seventy-five thousand men are to be fed the question of commissariat assumes an entirely different shape. Such an army can not live on sweet-potatoes, nor, if they could, does the favorite Southern esculent exist any where in sufficient quantity to satisfy their wants. A successful foraging expedition may gather food enough to supply a regiment for a few days. But when it comes to feeding brigades and divisions, foraging, in a country already somewhat exhausted, is a very inadequate resource. Armies can only be fed through the agency of a regular commissariat which has dépôts of provisions at central points, and constant and reliable communication with regions where all kinds of food are produced.

If M'Clellan and Halleck remain quietly where they are, the rebellion will be starved out in a few weeks. It is not probable they will do so, because the public require battles, and the army would be impatient in inactivity. But for the main purpose of the war they need not move.

FOREIGN INTERVENTION.

Southern bribes have again purchased intimations in European journals to the effect that England and France are about to intervene in this country. As of old, the Emperor Napoleon is represented as panting for intervention, while England is feebly holding him back.

There is not a word of truth in the whole story. The Emperor Napoleon has never desired to intervene in our quarrel. He knows that intervention, so far from procuring the cotton he needs, would protract the cotton famine indefinitely. The United States would fight for fifty years rather than submit to have their internal politics regulated by foreigners. From first to last the Emperor of the French has exhibited a statesmanlike appreciation of the merits of the war which shines in bright contrast with the mean policy of the British Government, and the besotted opinions of the person who misrepresents France at Washington.

Mr. Gladstone and several British newspapers expatiate upon the suffering inflicted by the war upon British artisans. Whose fault is this? As Mr. Seward well said when the war broke out, the rebellion would collapse in ninety days but for the hope of foreign intervention.

The thousands of Englishmen who are starving in consequence of the want of cotton have only their own Government and their own aristocracy to blame. If the British Government had not been so eager to see this country divided and democracy discredited, the rebellion would have been crushed long ago. It was the moral aid and comfort they gave the rebels which induced the latter to persevere in their insane policy. The British aristocracy is alone responsible for the starvation which now desolates the seats of manufacturing industry in England.

THE LOUNGER.

FREEDOM IN THE TERRITORIES.

The Thirty-Seventh Congress of the United States has just confirmed the policy of the First Congress, seventy-three years ago. That body declared that "there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said Territory, otherwise than in punishment of crimes whereof the parties shall be duly convicted." The act of the present Congress is in similar and even more comprehensive terms: "That slavery, or involuntary servitude, in all cases whatsoever other than in punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall henceforth cease and be prohibited forever in all the Territories of the United States now existing or hereafter to be formed or to be acquired in any way."

It would be thought that in any civilized Christian nation the vote for such a proposition would be unanimous; but in a nation which was a popular republic that it would be a matter of course. And yet, while the consequences of slavery are showing themselves in the most desperate and bloody civil war, there were fifty representatives who voted against it. And to complete the extraordinary story, they claim to be Democrats.

Yet no man can look over the list of names of the representatives who voted against this act—O woeful list for their children to read!—and not feel that it comprises some men who are as patriotic and humane as many who voted for it. They would say in explanation, that whether slavery were right or wrong the people of the Territory are the persons to decide whether they will have slaves or not. Then these men are not Democrats, for Democracy asserts certain human rights which no power can justly take away, while their vote upon this act declares that men have no rights except such as the majority chooses to confer. Is that their political faith?

Among the negative votes are some from this State. If they think slavery a fair, and profitable, and peaceful system for civilized society, we may reject their conviction, but we must applaud their fidelity. But if they voted in the negative because they think that although it may be a great wrong yet the majority of any political community may enslave a minority, they have deliberately sanctioned a principle which puts the life, liberty, property, and welfare of every man in this State—white, black, yellow, or red—at the mercy of a majority. Such a principle is not only the most dangerous conceivable to human society, but it is directly repugnant to the spirit and letter of the Constitution. Our system is a constant check upon the tyranny of a majority. A striking illustration was the choice of Mr. Lincoln. The moment his constitutional election was announced the newspapers, which at that time clamored for the submission of the nation to a rebellious faction, loudly and constantly declared that he had not a majority of all the votes cast. It was true, but the Constitution did not require that he should have. On the other hand, an overpowering majority, or a unanimous vote of the people, could not shorten or lengthen his term by a single year. For the Constitution regulates the action of majorities. Nor only that, but it declares itself to be established to protect those rights of the individual which the Revolution had vindicated.

The enormity of the principle involved in the negative vote upon Territorial freedom is easily tested. "Leave it to a majority of the people in the Territory" is the argument by which that vote is justified. Leave what? In the words of the bill, "Slavery, or involuntary servitude, in all cases whatsoever other than in punishment for crime." But who are to vote? What possible standard can you set up which will not include some that may be enslaved? The fact that some of the population of the Territory may have been slaves before does not avail, for, by the argument, they are like any other men until the vote is taken.

But if it be a tolerable principle in a Territory that a majority can dispose of the liberty and other rights of one man or of a minority, it is no less so in a State—in New York, for instance; and if, acting in due legal form, a majority should decide that one or all of the representatives who voted in the negative should be hung, upon their own principle it would be all right. "Oh no!" they would reply. "The State Constitution secures our life and liberty except for crime." Yes, but why does it do so? Simply because you have a natural right to your life and liberty, except for crime. And so has every other man in the world. And as no majority can override your right in your own State, you were sent to Congress to take care that in the National State, or Territory, every man should be as secure as you are. As representatives of this State you were no more justified in abandoning the rights of men in the Territories, for which you are the constitutional legislators, to the will of a majority, than you would be in destroying the safeguards that protect those rights in your own State. Liberty is not something that men enjoy because other men choose that they shall. It is theirs of right, and no force can alter it.

The majority of voters in this State might constitutionally amend the Constitution, by declaring that the blind residents of the State should be drowned. Being the majority, and having the power, they might enforce the law. What then? Suppose it were a majority of every voter in the State except the blind themselves that decreed it. What then? It would be law. What then? It would be the direst conceivable wrong and wickedness. Would it be right, justifiable, human, decent? Would any one whose heart was not black excuse it upon the ground that the majority chose to do it? No! the human instinct rejects and scorns such a plea. But, gentlemen, it is no more valid against the liberty of black men in Nevada than against the lives of blind men in New York. If it is right that the majority should decide in the one case, it can not be wrong in the other.

This is the principle which your votes have sustained. It is the principle of brute force. It is the principle of the King of Dahomey and of Bomba of Naples. It is the denial of human rights. It is the assertion that men owe Liberty to the favor of a majority, and not to the grace of God. And, gentlemen, it is the effort to make that the creed of the Democratic party which has annihilated that party, by driving from it the true Democrats, who held that men have rights as well as majorities.

THE END OF GINGERBREAD.

The progress of the National victory shows itself in nothing more than in the character of the proclamations of the Generals commanding in the insurgent section. They are no longer gingerly. The Government no longer apologizes to rebels for enforcing the law. The "Southern brethren" talk is ended. If there are loyal citizens of the United States in the revolted region, the proclamations are not addressed to them. They are not designed, for instance, for such men as Parson Brownlow, but for such as the Mayor Monroe of New Orleans—for such as carve into drinking-cups the skulls of their Northern brethren whom they have murdered, and who whittle the bones of loyal men into bracelets for slave-driving viragoes.

It is clearly idle to expect any thing but sullenness and hatred from the men who have staked every thing upon the bloody destruction of this Government, and who have been educated to despise those whom they call Yankees—which is the Southern nickname for those who believe that a man ought to live by the sweat of his own brow, and not by that of other people. Parson Brownlow says that Tennessee will return to the Union by fifty thousand majority. Let us hope so. But meanwhile we remember that Missouri gave nearly eighty thousand majority for the Union sentiment, and Kentucky on the 17th of May a year ago announced a "Union" victory. The history of the year shows simply that the minority controlled those States. And the words and votes of the senators and representatives from those States, with a few noble exceptions, indicate at least a doubt upon their part whether the "Union" feeling of their States is not entirely conditional—which is the simple doctrine of secession.

In Western Virginia General Frémont has hung two men taken in the act of guerrilla fighting. In New Orleans General Butler has proclaimed martial law under the most stringent conditions. In Tennessee Governor Andrew Johnson has frankly warned the rebels that he shall retaliate fivefold all their severity. In the Department of the South General Hunter has also established martial law. In North Carolina General Burnside has taken military possession—issued summary warning to all traitors to seal their mouths, and imposed silence upon a man who wanted to talk politics out of season.

This is pure despotism. This is the arbitrary will of one man in each department. Certainly it is. When the rebels invoked war they invoked despotism. War is the appeal to brute force. War reaches and maintains its ends by violence. Jeff Davis and his friends Vallandigham, and Powell, and Saulsbury, and Bayard, and the rest of them in Congress, are very nervous about the violation, as they call it, of the Constitution. To attempt to destroy it by force is a constitutional right, according to their logic; but to maintain it by force is its overthrow.

But when the Government drew the sword to maintain its authority, it knew that it must use the sword according to its nature. It was not an instrument to tickle with, but to kill with. And all that belongs to the sword goes with it. When it has thrust open a way for the Government to enter a rebellious region it is used to enforce respect there for the Government, and to protect its friends who have been oppressed. To allow Monroe to talk defiant treason was, under the circumstances, as foolish for all the purposes of our occupation of New Orleans as to allow Lovell to hold a battery that commanded the city. What Union man would dare to discover himself when a rebel magistrate talked pure rebellion to the Government unrebuked, and the national flag was torn down? At such times words are things.

The Union feeling in the insurgent section will not spontaneously appear; it must be developed by the conviction of overwhelming superiority of force. When men are convinced that resistance is hopeless the mass will begin to see why they had better submit. This nation will never encounter an enemy so savage and remorseless as that which is now making war upon it. And none know this so well as the faithful citizens in the rebellious section. *They* are not afraid of irritating the rebels. They are the most vehement for vigorous measures. And they are the men at the South for the Government to consider.

PARSON BROWNLOW.

Parson Brownlow's speech at the Academy of Music ought to be published and scattered every where in the land. Every man and woman and child who can read should read it, and those who can not read should hear it. All the speeches on the war together are not such a cordial stimulant. He did not mention the words slavery or slave, but no anti-slavery orator or scores of orators ever dealt such deadly blows at slavery. It was a glimpse of the black interior of this rebellion. It was a thrilling picture of the ghastly spirit which engendered and sustains it. "This," cried the weary, pale, sad man, as he paused after calmly recounting horrors at which the heart stopped, "this is the spirit of secession, the spirit of murder, of assassination, of death, of hell!" and every soul there said inwardly Amen. "And yet you have among you men who palliate and excuse and befriend it." The audience answered with a yell of indignation.

The speaker himself was a living illustration of the spirit of the society in which he had lived. Listening to the intense vindictiveness of his tones and words, it was impossible not to think of Browning's Italian, who had seen his brother fall under the bullets of Metternich's soldiers, who had been hated, hunted, exiled, losing every thing under the fell tyranny but life, and who says, calmly, that his utmost hope of happiness is to feel Metternich's

> "Red, wet throat distill
> In blood through my two hands."

Dr. Brownlow's appearance only deepened the effect. He is not the thick, coarse, loud man that the descriptions and his reported speeches prefigure; but he is tall, wiry, of decided and delicate, though not handsome features, with a touching expression of patient anxiety upon his pale and pensive face.

His discourse was what the audience wished—a personal narration. It is the first coherent story from a conspicuous Southern Union man of the terror which has ruled the South. The dark days of the French Revolution were not blacker. No history furnishes instances of more infernal cruelty than the treatment of men whose crime was loving their country, by our "Southern brethren," whom Great Britain finds to be a chivalric, refined, injured people, struggling for peaceful liberty against a brutal lust of power.

Dr. Brownlow's discourse showed only more plainly, and from terrible experience, that this is truly a conflict of civilizations under the same Government; and one of them will inevitably annihilate the other.

THE UNNAMED HEROES.

IT is computed that in the field and hospital fifty thousand of our loyal fellow-citizens have already lost their lives in the struggle to subdue this rebellion. How many of them, as brave as the bravest, will never be named in history? In the *Cricket on the Hearth*, a modest little journal published monthly in Philadelphia, there is this touching poem upon one of the unknown soldier-martyrs:

KILLED AT BALL'S BLUFF.

He gave the tribute of a tear
To those fond hearts who held him dear,
And southward turned—a volunteer—
The oft-told story.
To right the wrong, wipe off the shame,
He cared not that the trump of Fame
Should sound aloud his humble name
In tropes of glory.

For Union, and for equal laws,
For Liberty—the grand old cause;
How could he speak these names and pause,
Faltering, uncertain?
He knew not what Fate had in store,
Nor cared her purpose to explore,
But calmly waited on, before
Her awful curtain.

All on a morning cold and gray,
Upon that sad October day,
He stood amidst the deep array
Silent and steady.
Around him fell the iron hail,
He heard his dying comrades' wail,
But heart and purpose did not fail,
For he was ready.

He fought and died. A nameless grave
Where no sad willows o'er him wave,
Or sculptured stone extols the brave
In chiseled numbers
Was his. The bird's shrill symphonies,
The restless murmur of the trees,
The sighing of the evening breeze,
Mar not his slumbers.

He died for Liberty; the time
Shows many another death sublime,
For his sake may my homely rhyme
Be all forgiven.
We trust he stands beside the Throne,
Martyr to Freedom! not alone,
That his forgotten name is known
In Heaven.

THE LIFE OF IRVING.

GOOD fortune followed Washington Irving while he lived, and did not desert him when he died, for the hand which he selected for the task writes his biography. The first volume of the three has lately appeared, bringing the story of his life down to the publication of the "Sketch Book." With characteristic good sense Mr. Pierre M. Irving, the biographer, suffers the letters of Irving to show what he was and what he did, as far as possible. And with the biographer's own clear and simple narration they furnish a very lovely picture of the boyhood and youth of the author, who died two years ago more personally beloved than any American.

The life is without special incident; but the airy humor of his pen, even in the young man's letters, invests every detail of travel or description with a sweetness and gayety which constantly remind the reader that the hand is the same hand which a little later wrote the books that charm by their tender humanity of spirit no less than by their simplicity and grace of style. He went at the beginning of the century to Europe, "pasturing on the pleasures" of each spot. There is no striking remark upon art, or science, or literature, or politics, or society in his letters; but there is a freshness and penetration of observation, and a shrewd humorous comment which indicate the healthy mind and the eye of genius.

No famous man was ever more truly simple than Washington Irving. During the last twenty years he was the most celebrated of living Americans; but he was always fond of repeating Scott's remark to Moore in their latter days, when, upon looking into a magazine, he spoke of the talent displayed by so many younger men, and, winking playfully, added: "And it is lucky, Moore, that we began when we did!"

But Irving, like Scott, would have been always easily first. The peculiar qualities of his talent are those which secure permanent renown. And Irving, like Lamb, and Sir Thomas Browne, and George Herbert, is as sure of constant affection as of perpetual admiration.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"TOMMY, what is longitude?" "A clothes-line, father." "Prove it, Tommy." "Because it stretches from pole to pole," said young Hopeful.

All our laws would seem to be bankrupt laws; they are *broken* every day.

Why is a kiss like a rumor?—Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

Among the conditions of sale by an auctioneer was the following: "The highest bidder to be the buyer, unless some gentleman bids more."

A celebrated author of the present day, who is remarkable for the flatness of his nose, was urging his suit with a lady who, with more truth than tact, said, "No, my dear ——, I never can get over that nose of yours!" "I dare say not," replied the ready-witted lover, "since there is no bridge to it!" In cases of Wit *vs.* Beauty, wit is sure of a verdict, and the lady withdrew her refusal.

"Captain Silk! What a name for a soldier!" "The finest name in the world for a captain," said a lady; "for silk will never be worsted."

Voltaire related to Mr. Sherlock an anecdote of Swift. Lady Carteret, wife of the Lord-Lieutenant, said to Swift, "The air of Ireland is very excellent and healthy." "Madam," said Swift, "don't say so in England; for if you do they will certainly tax it."

A young lady who lately gave an order to a milliner for a bonnet, said: "You are to make it plain, and at the same time smart, as I sit in a conspicuous place in church."

Among the rules and regulations which are posted up at the entrance of the Vienna theatres is the following: "Triple applause, or three distinct rounds of clapping, being due to the Emperor and the Imperial Family, it is not fit that it should be bestowed on any actor or actress whatever."

A young officer of the Lord Verisopht school went to Drury Lane to see the great tragedian, Charles Kean, in "Hamlet." It was the first time he had seen that noble tragedy, and on being asked how he liked it, he said, "Haw! it's a very clever play, but I think it's too full of *quotations!*"

The man who plays at once on the trump of fame and the horn of a dilemma got his first ideas of music on hearing a hay-cock crow while he was tying a knot in a cord of wood.

When Madge was a very little girl, her father found her chubby hands full of the blossoms of a beautiful tea-rose on which he had bestowed great care. "My dear," said he, "didn't I tell you not to pick one of these flowers without leave?" "Yes, papa," said Madge, innocently, "but all these had leaves."

Misprints are sometimes very ludicrous in their significance. We remember a poem in which a lover cast a *hurried* glance, which was printed *horrid.* A *cow* by a railway-train was cut into *calves*, instead of halves. And in Moore's celebrated monody on Sheridan the word *dry* was absolutely substituted for *day* in the following absurd manner:

> "And bailiffs shall seize his last blanket to-*dry* (to-day),
> Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow."

Tears at a wedding are only the commencement of the pickle that the young folks are getting into.

"Mamma," said an inquisitive little lady of some six summers, "what makes the sea so hot in a storm?" "Hot, my dear!" mamma answered, "what makes you think it is hot?" "Why, mamma, I have just been reading about the *boiling* waves."

"What do they mean by a cat and dog life?" said a husband to his angry wife. "Look at Carlo and Grimalkin asleep on the rug together. I wish men lived half so peaceably with their wives." "Stop," said the lady; "tie them together, and then see how they will agree."

A young man, on being asked by his sweet-heart what phonography was, took his pencil and wrote the following, telling her that was phonography: "U R A B U T, L N!" (You are a beauty, Ellen!)

Which is the wickedest part of the church?—The *nave.*

It is said that the wheel of fortune revolves for all; but many of us are broken on the wheel.

"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes, I have been lately straightened by circumstances."

What is that which makes all women equally pretty?—Putting the candles out.

"I'll take the responsibility," as Je[illegible] said when he held out his arms for the baby.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why was Bulwer more likely to get tired of novel-writing than Warren?

Because Bulwer wrote "Night and Morning," and Warren only "Now and Then."

My first if you do you'll increase;
My second will keep you from heaven;
My third, such is human caprice,
Very seldom is taken when given.

Ad-vice.

What game is like a bustle?

Backgammon.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday, May 13, in the Senate, the Pacific Railroad bill was reported back by the Select Committee. The bill providing for the protection of Indians who have adopted civilized habits was passed. A joint resolution providing for the presentation of medals of honor to soldiers was adopted.——In the House, the Senate's amendments to the bill establishing a Department of Agriculture were concurred in, and the bill passed. The Soldiers' Pension bill was passed. The bill to facilitate the transportation of troops and mails between New York and Washington was discussed, and laid on the table by a vote of 76 to 43.

On Wednesday, May 14, in the Senate, the resolution to suspend the payment of troops in the Department of the West, owing to the great frauds perpetrated, until an investigation can be had, was discussed, but no action taken. A resolution requesting the President to inform the Senate the number and names of persons arrested in Kentucky was adopted. The Special Committee on Confiscation reported a bill. Senator Trumbull offered a resolution, which was laid over under the rules, that the President inform the Senate, if consistent with the public interests, of any information he may have of any design on the part of any foreign Power to intervene in the contest now existing, and whether any foreign nation has made any arrangements with the insurgents, or has it in contemplation to do so.——In the House, the Select Committee on Confiscation reported two bills. The first bill provides that all estates, property, and money of persons holding or hereafter holding office under the so-called Confederate Government, be forfeited to the United States, the legal proceedings to be the same as in the case of prizes or forfeitures arising under the revenue laws; sixty days' warning to be given by the President by proclamation. The second bill provides for the forfeiture of the slaves of all persons engaged in the rebellion, said slaves to be declared free, and forever discharged from servitude. The bills were made the special order for Tuesday next. A resolution calling on the Secretary of the Interior for information as to what retrenchment can be made in the expenditures was adopted. The Army Appropriation bill was passed. An amendment to the bill, prohibiting the arming of negroes, and their employment in the military service, was rejected.

On Thursday, May 15, in the Senate, the Territorial Committee reported back the House bill to provide a temporary government for Arizona. The House bill prohibiting slavery in the Territories was also reported back, with an amendment which changes the language of the bill to that of the ordinance of 1787. A resolution was offered, which lies over, inquiring of the Secretary of the Navy as to the number of iron-clad vessels under contract, the character of their armament, and when they will be ready for service. A resolution was also offered inquiring as to the rights and obligations of the United States and Great Britain to keep armaments on the Northern lakes.——In the House, the bill for the adjudication of claims of loyal citizens for loss of property and damages done thereto by the troops of the United States during the rebellion was taken up, discussed, and the subject postponed till Monday week.

On Friday, May 16, in the Senate, Senator Sherman made a personal explanation, to the effect that neither the Kansas Investigating Committee nor the Naval Investigating Committee, upon both of which he served, ever charged or received a cent of compensation or mileage for their labors. Senator Clark moved to take up the bill reported by the Select Committee providing for the confiscation of the property of rebels, which was agreed to by a vote of 23 to 19. Senator Trumbull, of Illinois, said the first section, which provides for the forfeiture of the property of rebel office holders, was merely intended to lighten the punishment of treason, and was unconstitutional. He therefore moved it to be struck out. Senator Davis, of Kentucky, moved to amend the first section by striking out the clause freeing slaves, and adding a provision for imprisonment at hard labor for not less than five nor more than twenty years. Both propositions were rejected, the latter by a vote of 7 yeas to 31 nays. Senator Howard, of Michigan, moved to strike out the second section, which frees the slaves of those who incite, engage in, or aid in the rebellion, as the clause was simply a mitigation of the punishment of treason. This was rejected—yeas 5, nays 33. Senator Clark moved to amend the second section so as to leave it discretionary with the court to imprison rebels for a term of not less than ten years, or forfeit their property. Pending this motion, Senator Sumner offered a substitute for the bill, which was ordered to be printed. The Senate then went into executive session, and afterward adjourned.——In the House nothing of public importance transpired. Mr. Benjamin Wood, of New York, obtained leave to print a secession speech, and several private bills were considered.

Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Monday, May 19, in the Senate, Senator Wilson offered a resolution calling for detailed information respecting the African slave-trade at New York. Senator Grimes introduced a bill for the relief of Robert Small and others (colored), who recently delivered the rebel vessel *Planter* to Commodore Dupont's squadron. The bill provides that the steamship *Planter*, with all the cargo, appurtenances, etc., be appraised by a competent board of officers, and that one half the value thereof shall go to Robert Small and his associates, who ran the *Planter* out of Charleston harbor, with the provision that the Secretary of the Navy may invest the same in United States stocks, the interest to be paid to Small and his associates or heirs. The bill was passed. The resolution providing for the presentation of medals of honor to soldiers who distinguish themselves in battle was adopted. The debate on the Confiscation bill was then resumed, and Senator Sumner made a speech in support of it. Senator Powell, of Kentucky, moved to strike out the eleventh section of the bill, which authorizes the President to arm negroes, if necessary, to suppress the rebellion. This was rejected by a vote of 11 yeas to 29 nays. Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, moved to strike out the ninth section, which authorizes the President, when he deems it necessary, to issue a proclamation freeing the slaves of all rebels. Senator Wilson moved to make it imperative on the President to issue a proclamation to that effect. The discussion was continued; but without taking the question the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the special committee on the subject reported articles of impeachment against West H. Humphreys, Judge of the District Court of the United States for Tennessee. Humphreys is charged with gross neglect of official duty, violation of the laws, endeavoring to incite revolt and rebellion, publishing the secession ordinance of Tennessee, combining with Jeff Davis and others to overthrow the Government of the United States, and other high crimes and misdemeanors. The report was accepted, and a resolution adopted providing for the appointment of a committee of five to conduct the impeachment. The House then went into Committee of the Whole, and Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, made a sensible speech on the negro question. The Naval Appropriation bill was considered, and a proviso to the appropriation for the Naval Academy, declaring its present location at Newport, Rhode Island, to be temporary, was rejected. The bill was finally passed by the House. It embraces appropriations for the naval service to the amount of $38,000,000.

THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

The following proclamation by the President of the United States is published:

Whereas, there appears in the public prints what purports to be a proclamation of Major-General Hunter, in the words and figures following, to wit:

GENERAL ORDERS.—NO. 11.

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
HILTON HEAD, S. C., *May* 9, 1862.

The three States of Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina, comprising the Military Department of the South, having deliberately declared themselves no longer under the protection of the United States of America, and having taken up arms against the said United States, it becomes a military necessity to declare them under martial law. This was accordingly done on the 25th day of April, 1862. Slavery and martial law in a free country are altogether incompatible. The persons in these three States—Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida—heretofore held as slaves, are therefore declared forever free.

DAVID HUNTER, Major-General Commanding.
ED. W. SMITH, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

And whereas, the same is producing some excitement and misunderstanding,

Therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, proclaim and declare that the Government of the United States had no knowledge or belief of an intention on the part of General Hunter to issue such a proclamation, nor has it yet any authentic information that the document is genuine; and, further, that neither General Hunter nor any other commander or person has been authorized by the Government of the United States to make proclamation declaring the slaves of any State free, and that the supposed proclamation now in question, whether genuine or false, is altogether void so far as respects such declaration.

I further make known, that whether it be competent for me, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, to declare the slaves of any State or States free, and whether at any time, or in any case, it shall have become a necessity indispensable to the maintenance of the Government to exercise such supposed power, are questions which, under my responsibility, I reserve to myself, and which I can not feel justified in leaving to the decision of commanders in the field. These are totally different questions from those of police regulations in armies and camps.

On the 6th day of March last, by a special message, I recommended to Congress the adoption of a joint resolution, to be substantially as follows:

Resolved, That the United States ought to co-operate with any State which may adopt a gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such State, in its discretion, compensation for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system.

The resolution, in the language above quoted, was adopted by large majorities in both branches of Congress, and now stands an authentic, definite, and solemn proposal of the nation to the States and people most immediately interested in the subject-matter. To the people of these States I now earnestly appeal. I do not argue. I beseech you to make the arguments for yourselves. You can not, if you would, be blind to the signs of the times. I beg of you a calm and enlarged consideration of them, ranging, if it may be, far above personal and partisan politics. This proposal makes common cause for a common object, casting no reproaches upon any. It acts not the Pharisee. The change it contemplates would come gently as the dews of heaven, not rending or wrecking any thing. Will you not embrace it? So much good has not been done by one effort in all past times as in the Providence of God it is now your high privilege to do. May the vast future not have to lament that you have neglected it.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this 19th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-sixth. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President—WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S ADVANCE.

General M'Clellan's advance on the main road to Richmond, by way of Bottom's Bridge, drove the enemy across the Chickahominy at that point on Saturday morning. When the troops arrived within half a mile of the bridge, which is burned, they were opened upon by a brisk fire of artillery from the opposite side of the river. This bridge is fifteen miles from Richmond. At this point it is said that our troops will experience considerable difficulty, as the country is low and swampy.

NORTH CAROLINA RE-SECEDING.

Governor Clark, the Executive of North Carolina, has refused to furnish any more troops to Jeff Davis, and has recalled all the North Carolina soldiers now in the rebel army. North Carolina has held a Convention of its citizens and pronounced against giving further aid to the rebellion, thus virtually returning to the Union. In reply to the demand of Jeff Davis for additional troops and means of transportation for his army to and through the cotton States, Governor Clark said that Davis had received all the aid from North Carolina that he could expect, and that hereafter no more troops would be permitted to leave the State, and has ordered all the North Carolina State troops home. Governor Clark also informed the rebels that they could use the railroads in retreating homeward, and that they would run their own risk of being intercepted by a Union force at any part of the State.

THE ARMIES OF THE SOUTHWEST.

The latest advices from Pittsburg Landing state that General Pope's division has again advanced, and now occupies a position only three miles from Corinth. Reports of insubordination in the rebel army continue to reach us through deserters. A great deal of hard feeling is said to exist between the Missouri and Tennessee troops and those from the Southern States—the former urging that they have nothing to fight for, their States having been restored to the Union, and they see no reason why they should be compelled to fight for the independence of the Cotton States. Refugees from Memphis also say that officers from Corinth, who are frequently in Memphis, complain bitterly of the loss to the Southern cause sustained by the delay of General Halleck in making an attack upon them. Beauregard, they say, has been ready for a week. Every day that passes weakens him. He has received all the reinforcements that it is possible for him to procure, excepting raw levies, while sickness rages throughout his camp to an alarming extent. Beauregard has placed an imperative embargo on letter-writing from his camp. No soldier is permitted to send any written communication to his friends. The whole country, for one hundred miles below Corinth, has been swept to obtain supplies for the rebel army, and is now nearly exhausted. Serious embarrassments from this cause are anticipated. On 14th two regiments from Tennessee and Kentucky made an attempt to come over to the Union army, and a positive mutiny in General Beauregard's army was the result. The advance from our lines went over in force to aid the disaffected rebel soldiers, and succeeded in bringing off some sixty of them.

GENERAL MITCHELL AT WORK.

A dispatch to the War Department from General Mitchell, dated at his head-quarters, Huntsville, Alabama, contains the encouraging intelligence that a portion of his force, under General Negley and Colonel Little, had driven the rebels across the Tennessee River, taken possession of Rogersville, captured a portion of the ferry-boats, and, having proceeded to Shad Creek, seized the bridge and ferry below the mouth of that stream. General Mitchell continues to say: "No more troops will enter from that region, and we have now upon this side of the river twelve or fifteen hundred cavalry of the enemy, in bands of three or four hundred, whom we will endeavor to hunt down, destroy, or capture. The gun-boat which I have extemporized will be ready for service to-day, and I will soon be able to pay my respects to the enemy on the eastern side of the region under my command."

BEAUREGARD GIVES UP.

The rebel leaders have virtually acknowledged the loss of the Mississippi Valley. On the 27th ult. the following brief address from Beauregard was published in the Memphis papers:

TO PLANTERS SOUTH.

The casualties of war have opened the Mississippi to our enemies. The time has therefore come to test the earnestness of all classes, and I call on all patriotic planters owning cotton in the possible reach of our enemies to apply the torch to it without delay or hesitation.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

CURTIS IN ARKANSAS.

Of General Curtis's movements the St. Louis *Republican* of May 12 says: "We hazard little in saying that he is, or will be in a day or two, in Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas, with all his cavalry and artillery, and that his infantry force will very soon reach Cape Girardeau. It is necessary to "retake and possess" the Arsenal at Little Rock, for that is one of the places seized and robbed by the secessionists.

UNION MEETING AT NASHVILLE.

The Union feeling at Nashville was demonstrated very forcibly on May 13, by a large meeting of the citizens in the Hall of the House of Representatives, in which many leading gentlemen from all parts of the State participated, including representatives from Memphis. Resolutions were adopted by acclamation, setting forth that the safety and welfare of their relatives and friends in the rebel army and prisons can only be assured by the return of Tennessee to the Union; that Congress be appealed to to end the war; complimenting the Union officers and soldiers on their considerate conduct, and approving of Governor Johnson's Address of March 18. A general reaction in behalf of the Government and the Union is evidently taking place in Tennessee.

REOPENING THE PORTS.

The President has issued his proclamation declaring the ports of Beaufort, Port Royal, and New Orleans open for commercial intercourse after the 1st of June, except for the export and import of goods contraband of war, and of information calculated to give aid and comfort to the enemy. Secretary Chase has also issued a circular, based upon the President's proclamation, defining the mode of obtaining licenses from the collectors of customs, under which vessels can enter and sail from these ports.

PROBABLE ATTACK ON MOBILE.

An immediate attack on Mobile appears to be imminent, judging from the arrival of the advance of Commodore Farragut's fleet, consisting of Porter's mortar boats, off Fort Morgan.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND

PREVAILING DESTITUTION

A LARGE number of the destitute English artisans, who met lately at Ashton-under-Lyne, moved an amendment to the resolution calling on the Cabinet to recognize the rebel States, to the effect that England and France be requested to join the United States in "crushing" down the rebellion.

An influential deputation had shown to the Poor Law Board in London that the existing Poor Law was inadequate to relieve the distress existing among the operative classes.

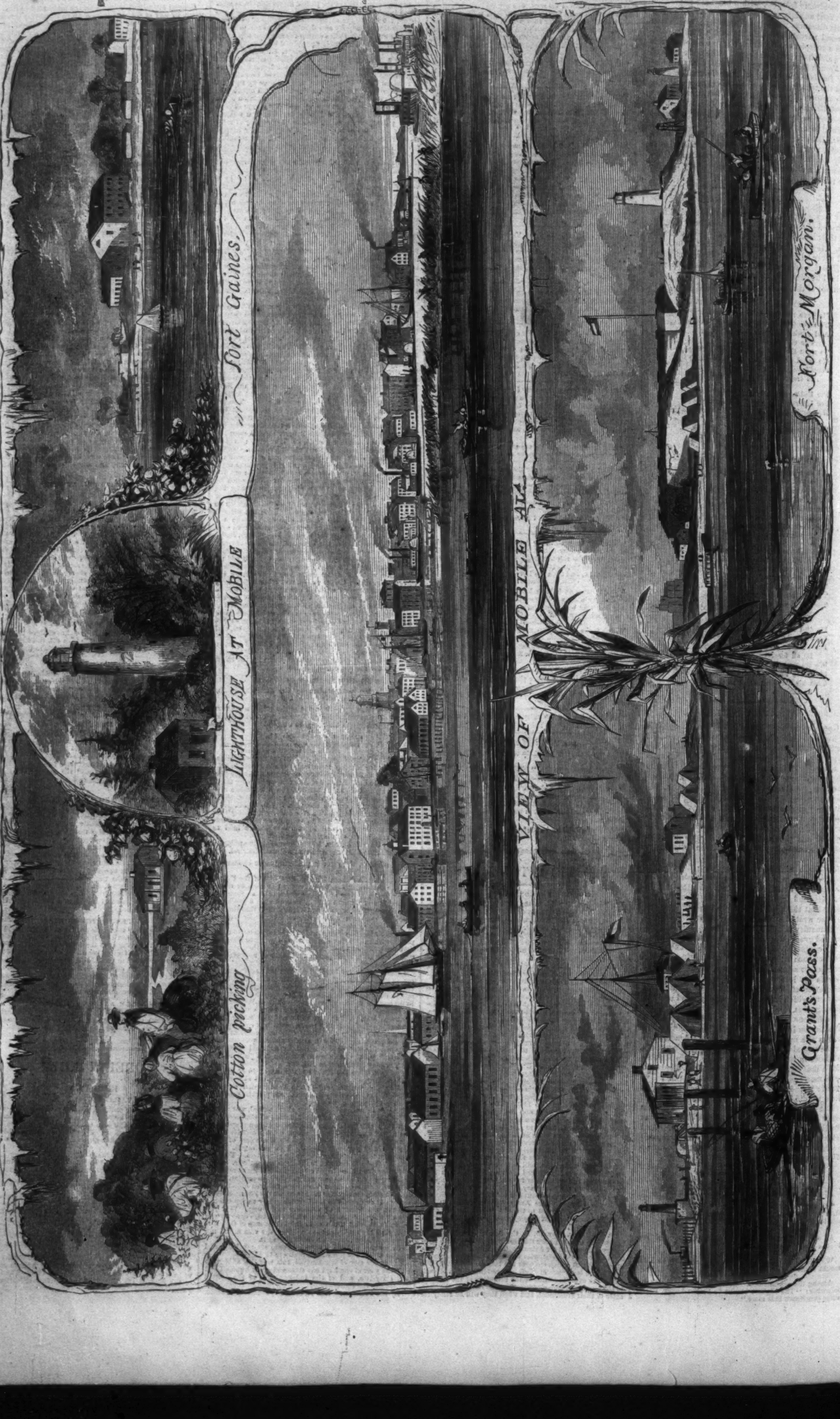
COAST DEFENSES.

The Palmerston Cabinet has intimated to the House of Commons that members will enjoy an ample opportunity of discussing the subject of national defenses, as a new loan for defensive purposes will be shortly proposed to them.

FRANCE.

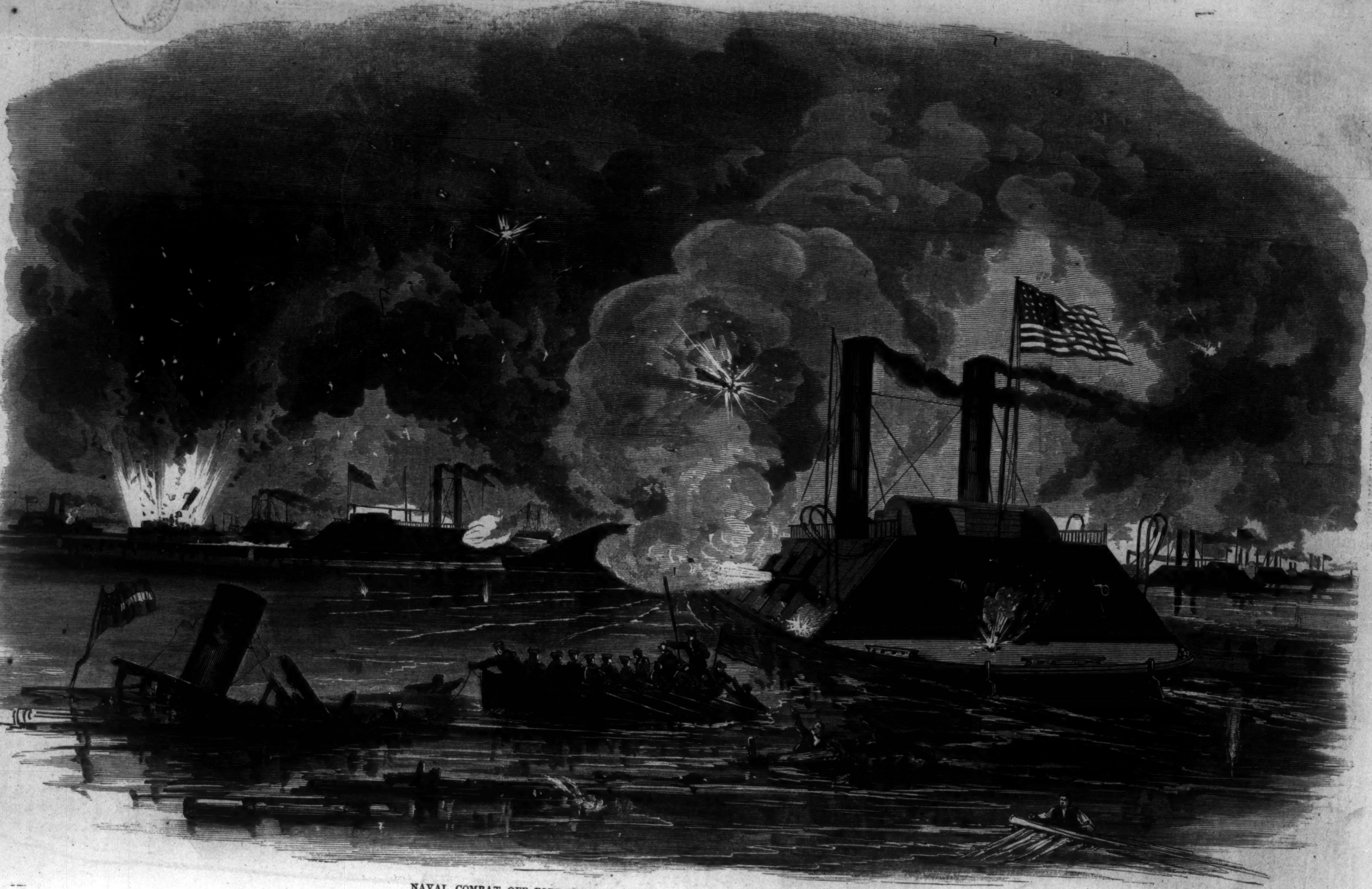
THE EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.

The Paris *Moniteur* publishes a letter from Mexico, in which it is stated, as a probability, that the French army will not long delay its march on Mexico City. The idea of the Spanish troops joining them gave satisfaction in Paris.


Fort Gaines.
Lighthouse at Mobile
Cotton picking
View of Mobile Ala.
Fort Morgan.
Grant's Pass.

MOBILE AND ITS DEFENSES, ETC.—[See Page 343.]

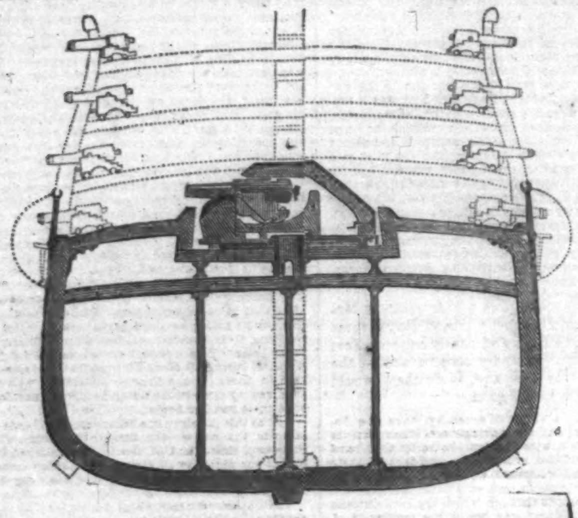
LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



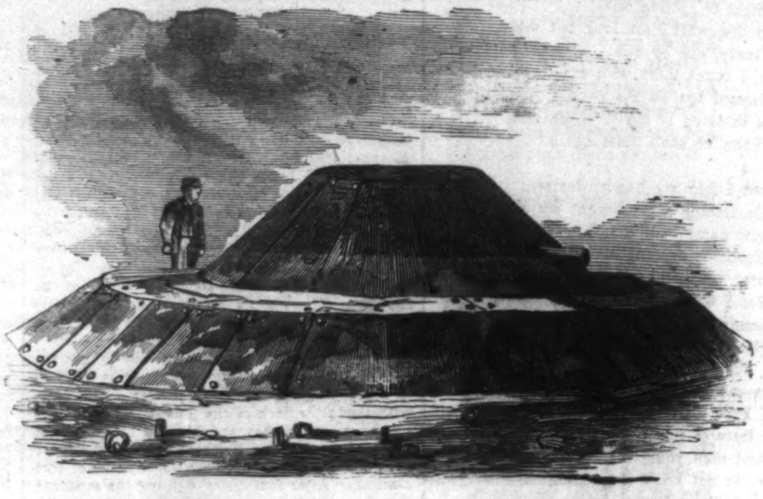
NAVAL COMBAT OFF FORT WRIGHT, IN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, MAY 8, 1862.—[SEE PAGE 343.]

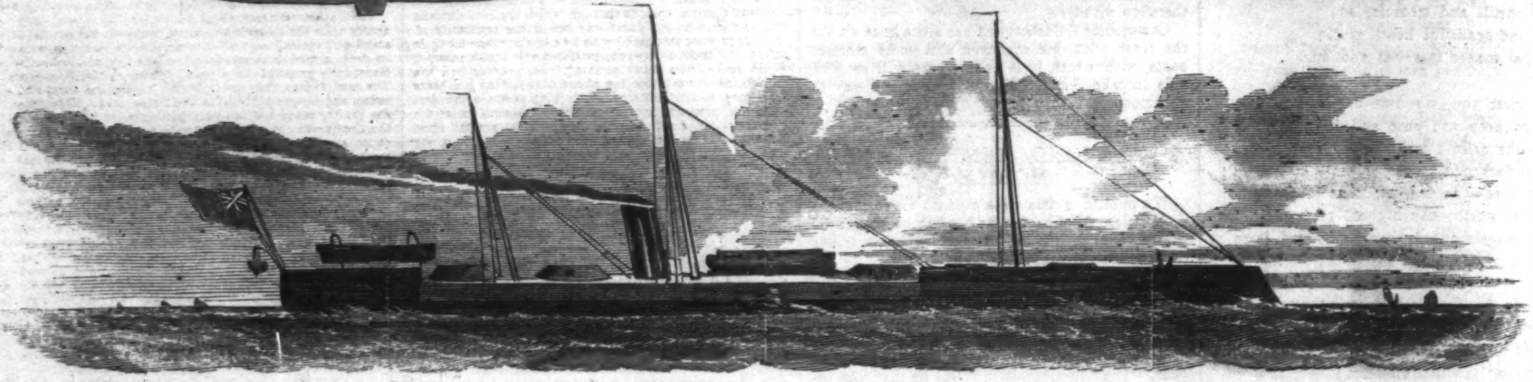
BRITISH IRON-CLAD SHIPS. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

SECTIONAL VIEW OF A THREE-DECKER CUT DOWN TO A CUPOLA SHIP.

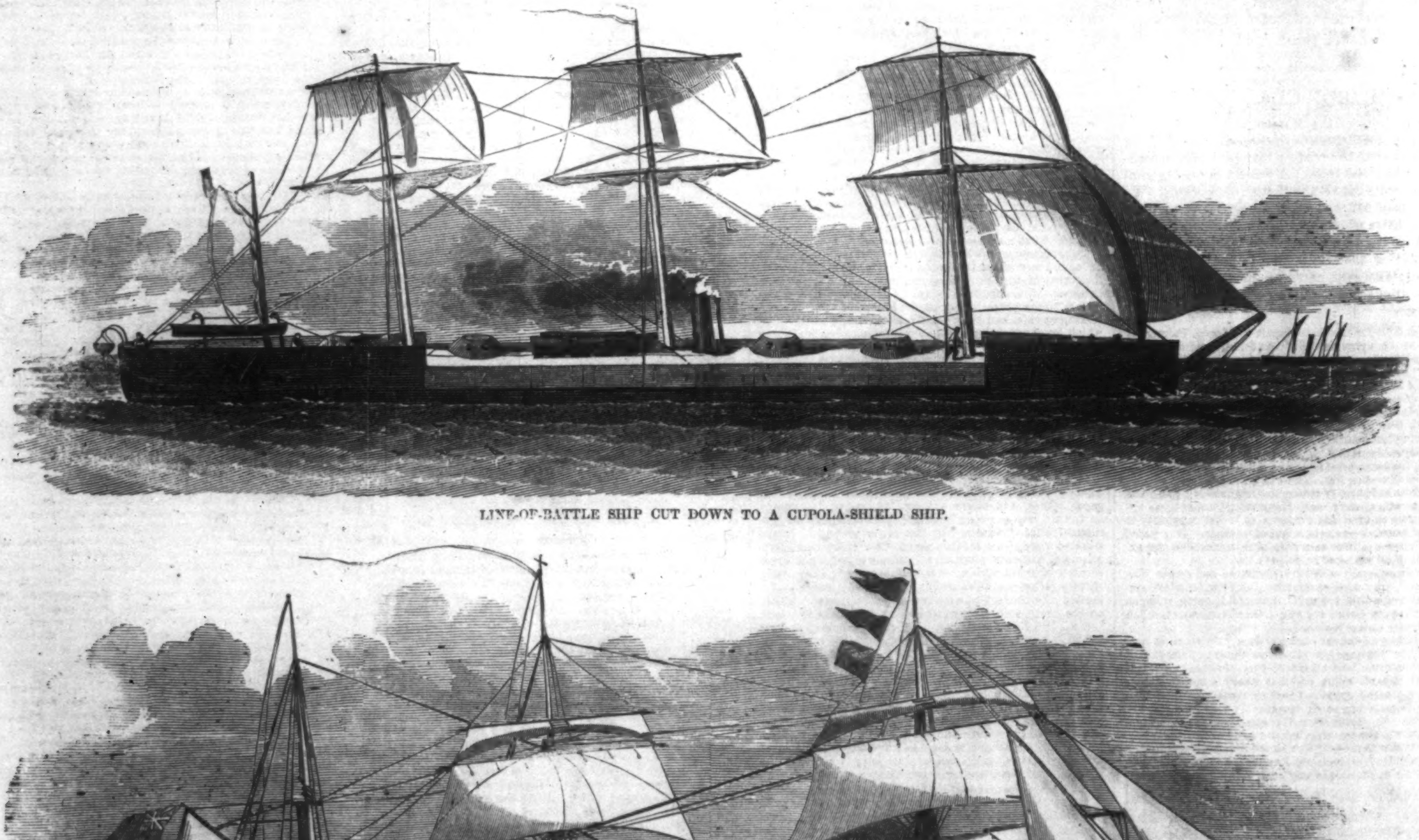


CUPOLA SHIELD AFTER GUN-PRACTICE AGAINST IT.

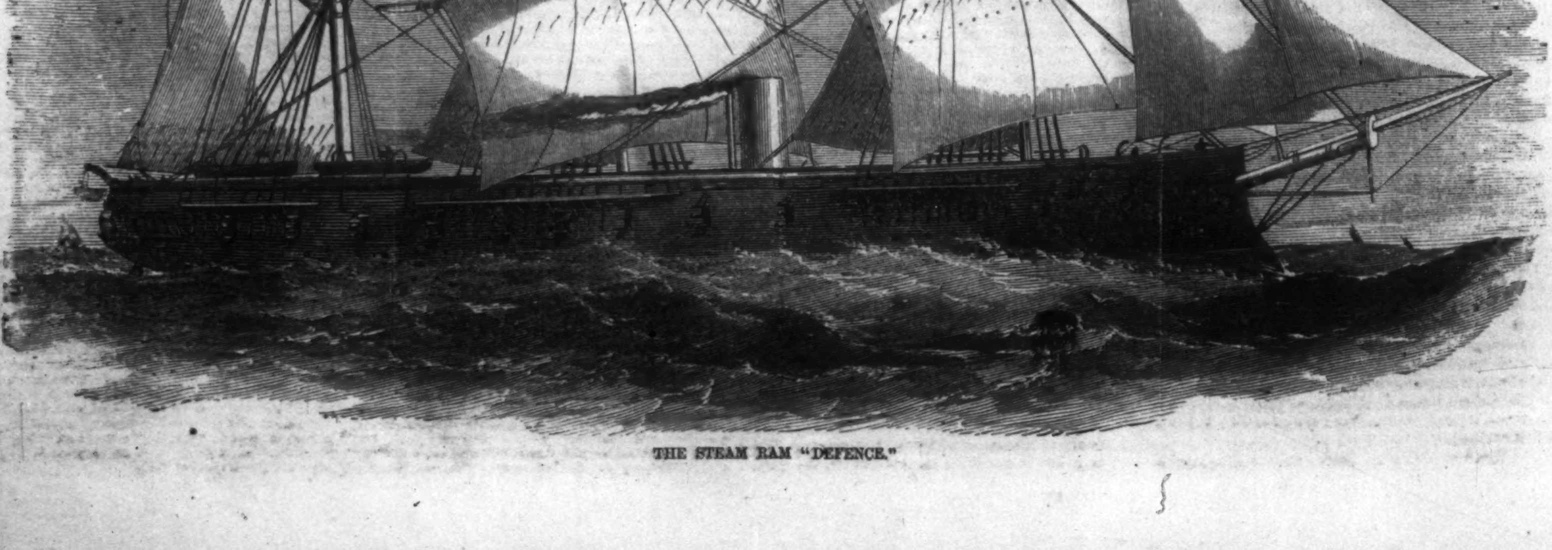




CUPOLA-SHIELD FRIGATE FOR FOREIGN SERVICE.



LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP CUT DOWN TO A CUPOLA-SHIELD SHIP.



THE STEAM RAM "DEFENCE."

MY ABSENT SOLDIER.

Evening shades are falling, dearest!
Night is coming on;
And the sweet stars look out shyly,
Slowly, one by one;
And I count them with my forehead
Pressed against the pane,
And thinking of the time, dearest,
When we shall meet again!

When I fold my hands, dearest,
To breathe a good-night prayer,
Whose name is it that lingers longest
Upon the evening air?
Yours! And then I slumber sweetly,
For I know our Lord
Through the night's long hours of darkness
Hath you in his ward.

How much I think of you, dearest!
I know that very oft
My features rise before you,
And then your voice grows soft:
They do not know the reason
It thrills and trembles so;
'Tis the beautiful heart music
That makes it sweet and *low*.

God bless you, my own darling!
And keep you pure and fair;
May the calm glory of your eyes
Be darkened by no care.
Your love—the dearest, next to God's!
Your worth—my highest pride!
Good angels guard your homeward steps,
And haste you to my side!

But if—Ah, God! the bitter thought—
You should not come again;
If you should lie out in the night
Among the battle's slain!
I could not bear such anguish, love,
For all that I could do;
I know my widowed heart would break,
And *I* should perish too!

BRITISH IRON-CLAD VESSELS.

The exploits of the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* have roused the British to the necessity of bringing up their navy to the modern standard, and accordingly we find that iron-clad vessels are being rapidly constructed at all the British dock-yards. We give, on page 342, several illustrations of the new iron-clad ships which are being constructed. The ship which the English seem to consider the most formidable of their new fleet is the *Defence*—an iron-clad steam ram, carrying guns. We condense the following account of the *Defence* from the British papers:

She was built for the Government by Messrs. Palmer, of Jarrow, on the Tyne, and is of the following dimensions: Length between perpendiculars, 280 feet; breadth, 54 feet; depth of hold, 18 feet 8 inches; burden in tons, 3668; with engines of 600-horse power.

The *Defence* recently returned to Spithead after a trial-trip of nineteen days; a week of that time she lay in Plymouth Sound, so that but twelve days were spent in ascertaining he qualities at sea. Thanks to the proverbially changeable nature of the weather at this season of the year, the time, brief as it was, afforded many good opportunities of testing her. The wind, though never violent, was at times sufficiently strong to designate it a gale, and to cause a rather heavy sea. Her conduct under these circumstances was excellent evidence as to her capability to encounter worse or even the worst of weather. It is stated that her good qualities as a ship of war exceeded the expectations of all who had to do with her.

Her steering qualities, without being so bad as has been represented, are doubtless inferior; her symptoms are precisely those of a ship too much immersed, being sluggish in answering her helm, and apt to take broad shears when her head once makes a start.

The quantity of canvas she spreads is very small in proportion to her tonnage; nevertheless she is perfectly manageable under sail, and attains a speed of about two-thirds the usual rate of sailing of an ordinary frigate. Under steam her greatest speed is about eleven knots.

She is described as being remarkably easy in a seaway. No wooden ship would have the smallest chance against the *Defence* if the latter could use her guns or her prow. The projectiles thrown by the *Defence* would speedily fire a timber-built ship, and her formidable stem would certainly crush in the side of any such vessel.

The most popular class of vessels in England at present, however, are imitations of Captain Ericsson's *Monitor*, adapted by a Captain Coles, who modestly claims the invention as his own. We give a picture of a "Cupola Shield Frigate for Foreign Service," from Captain Coles's models. This vessel is to be 260 feet long, 45 feet beam, 21 feet draught, and 1000-horse power. She is to carry four 150-pounder Armstrongs, or eight 110-pounders, and her bow is to be heavily armed with iron, so as to enable her to be used as a ram at close quarters. The first of these cupola-shield frigates is to be launched in February, 1863.

Captain Coles not only proposes to build new cupola-shield frigates, but professes his capacity to cut down line-of-battle ships into *Monitors*. We publish an illustration of one of the great British Line-of-Battle Ships cut down according to his plans, and likewise a sectional view of the same. The vessel, as razeed, will be 250 feet long, 58 feet beam, 23 feet draught, and 1000-horse power. She will carry five 150-pounders, or ten 110-pounders, Armstrongs.

A small diagram, on the same page, shows the effects of gun-practice against one of Captain Cowper Coles's cupolas. It does not seem to have been much injured; but perhaps the guns were small of their kind.

The first of Captain Coles's ships will be launched in February, 1863. By that time the United States will have 35 iron-clads afloat, including at least twelve *Monitors*.

THE BATTLE AT FORT DARLING.

We illustrate on page 337 the unequal conflict between our gun-boats *Galena* and *Monitor* and a powerful rebel fort called Fort Darling, on the banks of the James River, some seven miles from Richmond. It seems that our gun-boats *Galena*, *Monitor*, *Aroostook*, *Port Royal*, and *Naugatuck* advanced up the James River to within seven miles of Richmond, passing or silencing the batteries as they advanced. At Fort Darling they found the river obstructed with sunken vessels and stones, and were exposed to a heavy plunging fire from a fort situate on a bluff 200 feet high. The *Naugatuck* burst her gun—a 100-pounder Parrott—at the 7th fire. The wooden vessels sheered off, being incapable of standing the fire from the fort and the rifle-pits with which the river shores were lined. For four hours the *Galena* and *Monitor* fought the forts at great disadvantage. They were exposed to a plunging fire which they were not built to withstand; the deck of the *Galena* was perforated by almost every shot, and her loss in killed and wounded was heavy. Neither vessel could elevate her guns sufficiently to silence the batteries of Fort Darling. After four hours' fighting the squadron therefore withdrew.

Commodore Goldsborough has since gone up the the river with his squadron and some mortar-boats, with which it is believed he will soon be able to take Fort Darling and clear the way to Richmond.

RICHMOND, MEMPHIS, AND MOBILE.

We publish in this week's paper views of three rebel cities, all of which we hope to be able to report have fallen into the hands of our brave troops by the time our next paper is published.

RICHMOND.

On pages 344 and 345 we give Richmond, Virginia, the Rebel Capital, together with Vignettes of the various Prisons in which so many of our poor brothers have languished during the past year. The following account will be read with interest:

Richmond is situated on the James River, 23 miles north of Petersburg, 113 south by west of Washington, and about 150 miles from the mouth of the river. Its population in 1854 was 30,000; its exports about $3,000,000, chiefly wheat and tobacco.

The principal feature that strikes every one who sees Richmond for the first time is its curious topography. From the James River, which, tumbling over its rocky bed, makes a wide bend here, with its convex face to the city, rise, without any regard to uniformity of direction, some half dozen hills of gravel formation and of pretty considerable elevation. There has never been any attempt to grade them into level streets, but the city is scattered promiscuously up and on and over them, just as fashion, taste, or business may have happened to dictate. The principal part of the city, however, occupies actually only one of those elevations, and the garden spot of that one is the Capitol Square, where stands the building of which Jefferson procured the design in France, but which, however magnificent it may have been deemed in the simple, unostentatious days in which it was built, is certainly not to be lauded now either for its beauty or for its adaptation to the wants of a State Legislature, much less to those of a Congress of Confederate States. In the centre of the Square is the beautiful equestrian statue of Washington, looking as calm and serene and commanding as if the city which he overlooks was not the centre and hot-bed of the foulest treason that ever showed itself in the light of day. The pedestal is designed for eight other statues of distinguished Virginians, but three of which have yet been put in their places. These are Jefferson, Henry, and Mason—not the arrogant, self-conceited blockhead who recently represented the State in the Senate at Washington, and has now gone seeking recognition at London as the diplomatic representative of secessiondom, but a far purer, wiser, and more patriotic namesake of his. Here also is a small statue of Henry Clay.

Richmond has really but one business thoroughfare. That is Main Street. Most of the hotels, banks, newspaper offices, and stores are located on it. It extends northward into the open country, and southeastward to a suburb called Rocketts. In this latter section of it are situated some of the tobacco warehouses where our Union prisoners are now confined. These are large old brick edifices, of mouldy, dilapidated appearance. They stand three together on one side of the street—which here is of a most dingy character—and two nearly opposite. Those on the north side are overlooked by the bluffs in which Church Hill here terminates, and which supply gravel for the city, while those on the south side of the street have the James River and Kanawha Canal, and the river itself immediately in their rear.

Near the summit of the elevation known as Church Hill is a large, old-fashioned brick building known as the almshouse. It has been converted from its original purpose, and now serves as a hospital for our sick and wounded. Sisters of Charity come and go, untiring angels of consolation, and the hearse is kept in constant requisition, so great is the mortality that prevails here. Many of the private houses in the vicinity are also converted into temporary hospitals. As a general thing, the former residents of this part of the city have gone elsewhere since the location of the hospitals here; and now on every tenth house or more you see waving a little dirty, whitish-yellow flag, denoting a lazaretto. The Odd Fellows' Hall, on Broad Street, is also used as a general hospital. On the most commanding part of Church Hill still stands, in good preservation too, the church in which Patrick Henry made the famous speech at the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle, where he used that memorable and oft-quoted phrase, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" Around the church are the graves of the last generation of the people of Richmond, and I was no little disgusted to observe that few of the head-stones had escaped the profane Vandalism of some scoundrels, who, as a proof of their wit, cut the figure "1" before the figures recording the ages of the deceased, making it appear that those who rested here from their labors had enjoyed incredibly patriarchal length of years.

Between this hill and the rickety suburb known as Rocketts there is a large encampment, and I believe there are also batteries here, for the defense of the river. I know that there certainly are batteries on the bluffs, above and beyond Rocketts. Near here the few steamers and sailing craft that used to trade to Richmond had their mooring-places, and here also the James River and Kanawha Canal has its southern outlet into the river. This is a great work of internal improvement, so far as the design is concerned; but, unfortunately for Virginia, her execution does not keep pace with her plans, and the canal, though open for many years, does not come within a long distance of the Kanawha River, which it was intended to tap. If it ever will do so, it must be after secession is crushed and the Union restored.

MOBILE.

Mobile, Alabama, of which we give several views on page 340, is one of the largest cities on the Gulf. It is on the junction of the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers, at the head of Mobile Bay.

The city is an old one, having been held successively by the British and Spaniards before it came into our possession.

The city is built upon a plateau elevated some fifteen feet above high-water-mark, thirty miles from the mouth of Mobile Bay, the entrance to this bay being protected by Forts Morgan and Gaines.

Fort Morgan was known as Fort Boyer during the war of 1812, when the gallant Major Lawrence defended it successfully against repeated attacks both by land and sea. The fort since then has been rebuilt and strengthened, and was but a short time since one of the most picturesque and interesting of our sea-coast defenses. In shape it is a pentagon trace, built upon regular angles, protected on the sea front by a strong water-battery of masonry and turf. The greater number of the guns of the fort are Columbiads of heavy calibre, with an occasional rifle upon a salient. A bomb-proof citadel in the centre of the fort, pierced for musketry, affords a secure retreat during a bombardment, as well as a dernier resort from a successful storming party. The fort and water-battery, with their full armament, mount forty-five guns.

Fort Gaines, the other fort which protects Mobile, is situated on Dauphin's Island Point, three miles and one-fourth from and nearly opposite Fort Morgan. This fort was under construction at the outbreak of the rebellion, and, if finished, would have mounted eighty-nine guns.

The rebels, making a virtue of necessity, have now deferred its completion, and are making use of those portions nearly finished, which, with the sand-batteries that have been erected, make them exceedingly confident of their ability to sustain and withstand any attack that may be made upon them.

Grant's Pass is the one through which the New Orleans steamers used to puff their way before the regularity of their trips were interfered with by a healthy fear for their safety; for truth to say, the probability is that a steamer would make but a small portion of her journey now ere she fell into the safe keeping of one of the many gun-boats that compose our Gulf squadron. This pass has been fortified and protected in the best manner possible under the circumstances, sand-batteries having been erected upon either side of the little island upon which the keeper of the pass and light used to live.

MEMPHIS.

Memphis, Tennessee, of which we give a view on page 348, is probably by this time in possession of our forces. The following description of the place is accurate:

Memphis, previous to the rebellion, was a flourishing city and port of entry of Shelby County, Tennessee, and is beautifully situated on the Mississippi River, just below the mouth of the Wolf River. It is located on what is known as the fourth Chickasaw Bluff, which is about forty feet high nearest the shore. It is distant from St. Louis about four hundred and twenty miles by water, and from Nashville about two hundred and nine miles, in a west-southwesterly direction. It was at one time considered the most populous and important town on the river between St. Louis and New Orleans, and occupies the only eligible site for a commercial dépôt from the mouth of the Ohio to Vicksburg—a distance of at least six hundred and fifty miles. The bluff on which the city stands, and before alluded to, is elevated about thirty feet above the highest floods, and its base is washed by the river for a distance of three miles; a bed of sandstone projects into the stream and forms a complete, convenient, and natural steamboat landing. The appearance of Memphis from the river is exceedingly fine. An esplanade, several hundred feet wide, extends along the bluff in front of the town, and is bordered with blocks of large warehouses. The population, since 1854, has doubled itself, and was still rapidly increasing when the troubles commenced. It contains several churches, an academy, a medical college, two banks, and a telegraph office. A naval dépôt was established there by the United States Government, but proved a failure. The river is, however, deep enough to float a very large ship-of-war, and the rebels have taken advantage of the money expended by the United States Government to use the Navy-yard for the purpose of building vessels to oppose their navy. The means of communication to and from the city are good, and the trade of the place has been excellent. In 1840, the population was 3300: in 1850 it had increased to 8841, and in 1853 it was estimated at 12,000. What it now is can not be definitely stated.

THE SKIRMISH AT PEA RIDGE, TENNESSEE.

We illustrate on page 348 a remarkable incident of the Battle of Pea Ridge, Tennessee, when the Eighth Missouri Regiment charged over the Eighteenth Regulars—the latter being composed of raw recruits, and showing an unwillingness to charge. The artist thus describes his picture:

Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee, *April 25, 1862.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Inclosed herewith please find sketches of a sharp little action which took place yesterday, some seven miles from here. A reconnoitring force, consisting of two regiments from each division, was sent out early yesterday morning to ascertain where the main body of the enemy lay. Some seven miles from camp the advance-guard of the Eighth Missouri Volunteers discovered the videttes and pickets of the enemy directly in front and posted in the edge of the woods, and advancing drove them in. Our forces coming up discovered three regiments of rebels drawn up in line of battle in the edge of the woods on the other side of a large open field, and protected by a strong fence. At this juncture the Eighteenth United States Regulars, having the advance, refused to go forward (this is a new regiment), the enemy having opened a heavy fire upon them. Colonel Morgan L. Smith, commanding the Eighth Missouri, seeing this, gave his famous regiment the word, and off they went, double-quick time, *over* the regulars and after the rebels, firing as they ran. In the mean time, however, one of our batteries had been pouring shot and shell into the enemy's ranks and had broken them. The Seventy-sixth Ohio and Captain Powell's cavalry made their appearance, coming up from woods in the rear. This was the signal for flight upon the part of the enemy, and they obeyed it. Our forces then burned their camp—large amounts of clothing, stores, officers' trunks, etc.—besides capturing quantities of ammunition and arms. Nine prisoners were taken, and the estimate of the rebels killed, made by one of the artillery officers, is thirty. Not a man was lost by our forces.—In haste, yours,

J. F. Gookins.

P.S.—I find I have made one mistake. The Eighth Missouri was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel James Peckham; Colonel M. L. Smith, of the Eighth, leading the brigade.

GUN-BOAT FIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

On page 341 we illustrate the combat which took place on the Mississippi River, off Fort Wright, on 8th May. The correspondent of the *Herald* thus describes the scene:

The morning was one of the finest of the season, though, as is very common in this region, before sunrise a dull haze spread over the water, making it difficult to see at any great distance away. Just at daylight the mortar-boats were towed down to their positions, ready for their day's work. This morning the gun-boat *Cincinnati* was sent down with them as a precautionary measure. The latter dropped anchor just abreast of the mortars, and but a short distance out in the stream. Scarcely had she swung around and become settled in her position when the look-out gave the signal, "Steamer astern!" Sure enough, by peering through the masts, a low, dark object was discovered, bearing a strong resemblance to a steam craft of some kind. It was subsequently ascertained to be the rebel ram *Louisiana*. All hands were beat to quarters, and the gun-boat was cleared for action immediately. The promptness of the response of the men in putting the boat in fighting shape was most remarkable. The anchor was up almost simultaneously with the issue of the order, the decks were cleared of all rubbish and every thing in the shape of obstruction, and every man was standing at his gun. By this time the rebel craft had approached near enough to be readily recognized, and just as the early sun was dispelling the haze the *Cincinnati* swung around and welcomed the visitor with a full broadside. As the sound of the report and its tremendous reverberations ran along the shore and reached the ears of those manning the other boats of our fleet, there was one general shout of gladness as every officer and man sprang to his feet and prepared for duty. With the report came also reinforcements to the rebel boat. Three in number, they came quickly around the point, and prepared to grapple with the spunky Yankee. The *Louisiana* ram carried two heavy rifled pieces, both of which, together with the guns of her consorts, were soon bearing upon the *Cincinnati*, and throwing in shot after shot in rapid succession. But against them all the *Cincinnati* boldly held her position, her sloping iron sides repelling their heaviest missiles as though they were but paper balls. This unequal contest lasted for full twenty minutes, during all of which time the rebel gun-boats were kept in check by the *Cincinnati* alone. The ram, however, ran up close to the Union boat, and manifested a disposition to run her down.

Just at this juncture the other iron-clad boats of our fleet came to the rescue—the *Benton* (flag-ship), *Carondelet*, *Pittsburg*, *Cairo*, and *St. Louis*—and relieved the *Cincinnati* of the necessity of giving any further immediate attention to the rebel gun-boats, thus enabling her to close in with the ram alone.

The *Louisiana* came along up, under full steam, until nearly upon the *Cincinnati*, when the latter put her head about and avoided the well-intended blow. Her crew were on deck, armed with cutlasses, boarding pikes, and carbines, fully prepared for a close hand to hand encounter. The ram, foiled in her first attempt, withdrew a short distance, and again turned upon the Union boat. This time she got her sharp bow full in upon the heavy iron sides of the *Cincinnati*; but her headway was not sufficient to cause any very serious damage. Before she could get away, however, Captain Stembel, commanding the *Cincinnati*, rushed upon the hurricane deck, and, seizing a pistol, shot the rebel pilot, killing him instantly. The rebel crew retaliated, when a musket-ball entered the gallant Captain's right shoulder, high up, nearly to the neck, and passed quite through. The wound was a troublesome and painful one, but not sufficiently serious to detain the Captain from his post longer than to have it dressed. In the mean time the ram had prepared for another assault, and this time evidently with the intention of boarding her antagonist. She came up under full headway, and with her steam batteries ready for immediate us. Just as she struck the *Cincinnati*, however, her steam apparatus collapsed, scalding a large number of her crew. Captain Stembel was also prepared with his steam battery to add to their discomfiture, and almost simultaneously with the explosion a dense volume of scalding water and steam came pouring upon the rebel crew from the deck of the gun-boat. This was too much for them to withstand, and those who were left uninjured and alive managed to get their craft away beyond the reach of further injury.

The casualties on the *Cincinnati* were very slight. Her gallant commander was wounded, as mentioned above. Her first master received a flesh wound in his thigh, and two seamen were slightly wounded.

As the ram drew away the iron-clad gun-boat *Mallory* appeared as a new antagonist. This is one of the new boats of which so much boast has been made by the rebels. She had just been completed at Memphis, and on this occasion made her first public appearance. She was a powerful craft carrying ten or twelve guns, and sheathed with heavy boiler iron over heavy timber bulkheads stuffed with cotton.

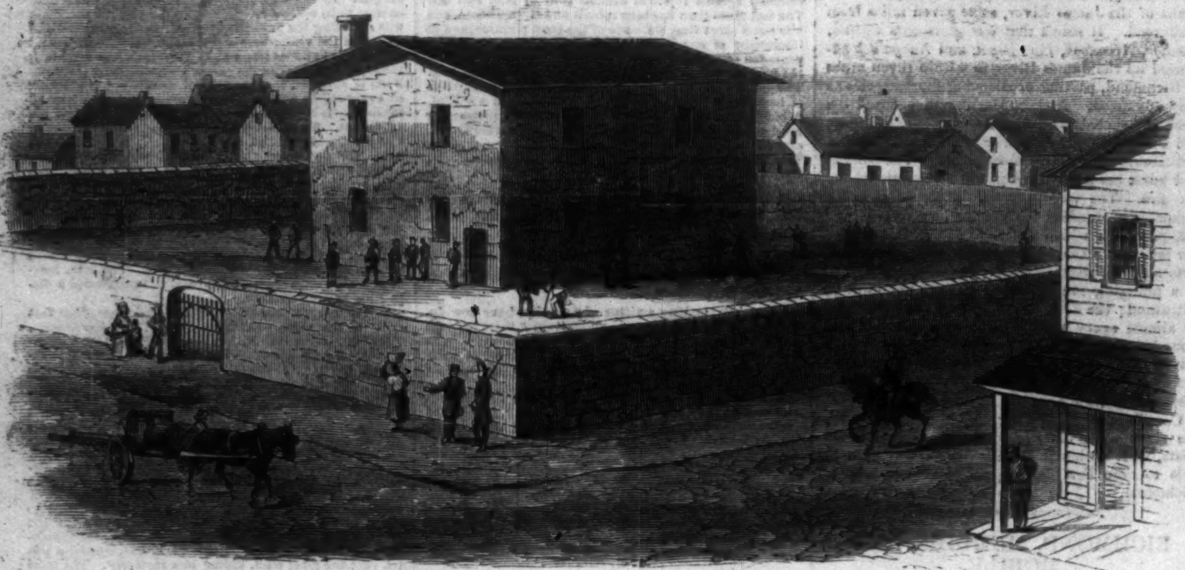
Her first manœuvre was an attempt to run the *Cincinnati* down by butting against her. This was baffled by the dextrous handling of the latter boat, though several times attempted. Then she hauled alongside and opened a close fire, but received rather more than she gave. The heavy Dahlgrens of the Union craft were too much for her, and again she resorted to the battering process. Just as she was preparing to strike, with all the power of momentum acquired by a quarter of a mile's running, the *St. Louis*—Union iron-clad boat—bore down upon her, and, striking her fairly amidships, nearly cut her in two. She sank almost immediately, and within two hundred feet of the vessel she was attempting herself to run down. The most of her crew must have perished, though a number were picked up by our boats. She is a total loss, having sunk in deep water.

Comparatively few of our shots were wasted. They were all admirably directed and did wonderful execution, as the condition of the rebel boats fully shows. But their execution was better apparent in the explosion and total destruction of two of the most powerful of the rebel gun-boats. The names of these I have not yet been able to ascertain.

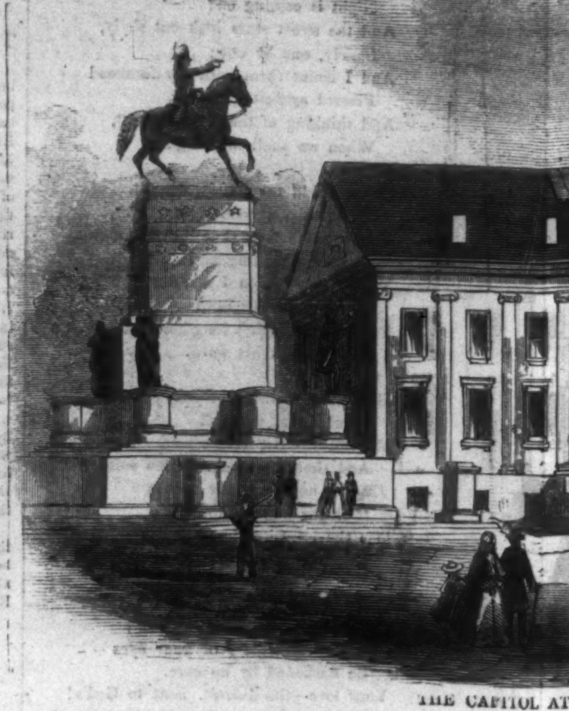
Their destruction occurred nearly at the same time and when the engagement was at its height. Above the loud din of the cannon could occasionally be heard the shouts and cheers of the loyal crews as they discerned one and another evidence of their sure approaching final triumph. The whole scene was shut out from view by the dense volumes of smoke that settled over the fleet, the result of the heavy firing. There was something grand and inspiring in all this, even to one outside, who could only hear the din and see the smoke. But suddenly there came a report louder than, and distinguishable above, all the others; and accompanying it could be seen a volume of white smoke rolling and surging above the other smoke, and bearing on its rolling waves black masses and fragments, which again quickly disappeared. What was it? The smoke lifted and revealed the cause. A well-directed shell had struck in the magazine of a rebel boat, causing an instantaneous explosion of the shell, magazine, and boilers. The boat was blown to atoms, and her crew perished with her. It was a fearful casualty, and one that is well calculated to awaken the deepest sympathy and pity for the poor unfortunates thus suddenly sent into eternity; but "it is the fortune of war," and the din goes on, and more destruction is attempted.

During the heat of the engagement one of the rebel rams—supposed to be the *Manassas*—singled out the *Benton* as its prey. The latter at first scarcely deigned to notice so insignificant an adversary, but continued to devote her time to the heavier gun-boats. Her powerful guns were all at work. She was kept in constant motion, first discharging her four bow guns, then hauling about and letting go her broadside of five pieces, and again bringing her stern pieces in range, and so on until the round was completed. All this time the ram danced about, endeavoring to get a chance to give her a good butt. At last the opportunity arrived, and with a powerful head of steam on the ram flew to her work. She struck the flag-ship fairly, right amidships, but was doubtless much amazed, on withdrawing, to find that she had suffered more damage herself than she had inflicted. Her nose was badly jammed, while the solid iron sides of the *Benton* showed no signs whatever of the assault. It was a signal discomfiture, rendered doubly annoying by the reception of a round of grape-shot from her antagonist that compelled her to get out of the way with the least possible delay.

By this time it was apparent that the enemy must withdraw quickly or be wholly destroyed. They had entered the contest with five gun-boats and three rams—eight in all. Three of their gun-boats were totally destroyed. The remaining two, as also the rams, were riddled through and through, and all appeared to be leaking badly. On the contrary, our boats, excepting the *Cincinnati*, appeared wholly uninjured, and were in condition to continue the action all day if necessary. Under these circumstances the rebels had no alternative, and at twenty minutes past seven—just one hour and twenty minutes after the commencement of the battle—the last of them disappeared around Craighead Point, the heavy cannonading ceased, the smoke cleared away, our boats returned to their moorings, and the battle was ended.



HENRICO COUNTY JAIL, RICHMOND.



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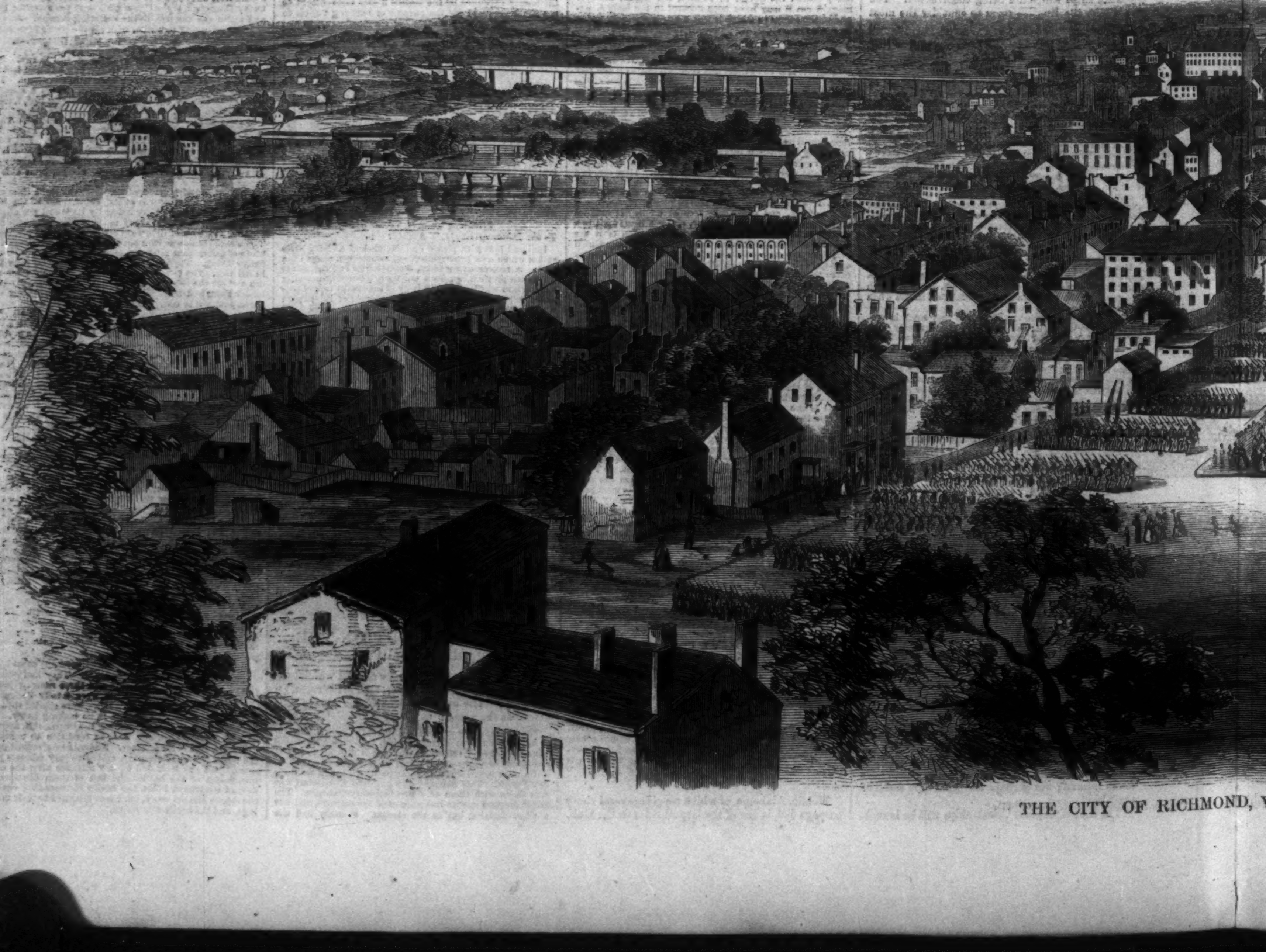

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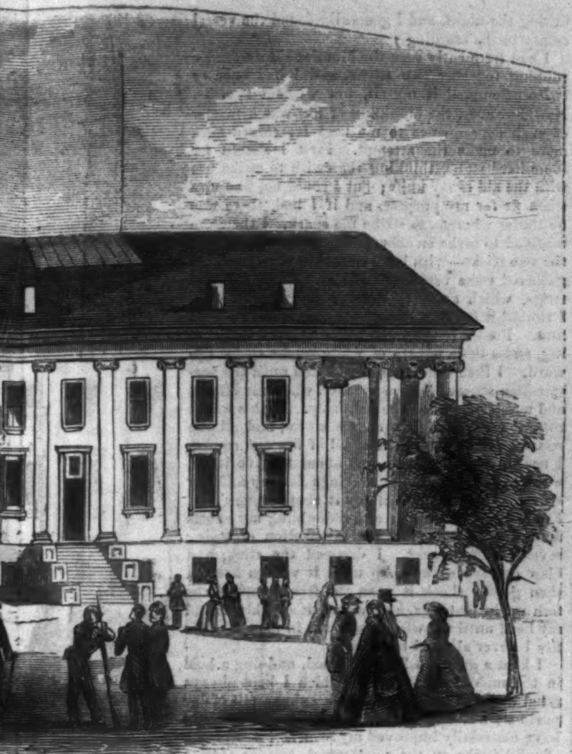

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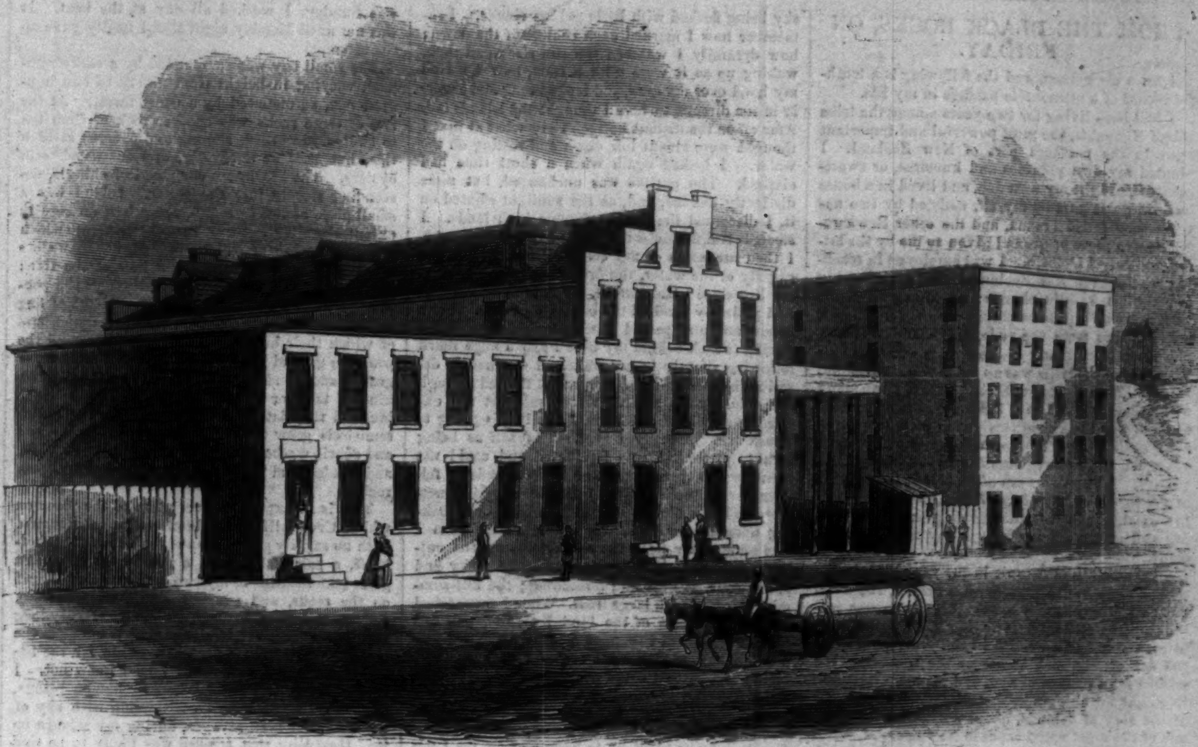
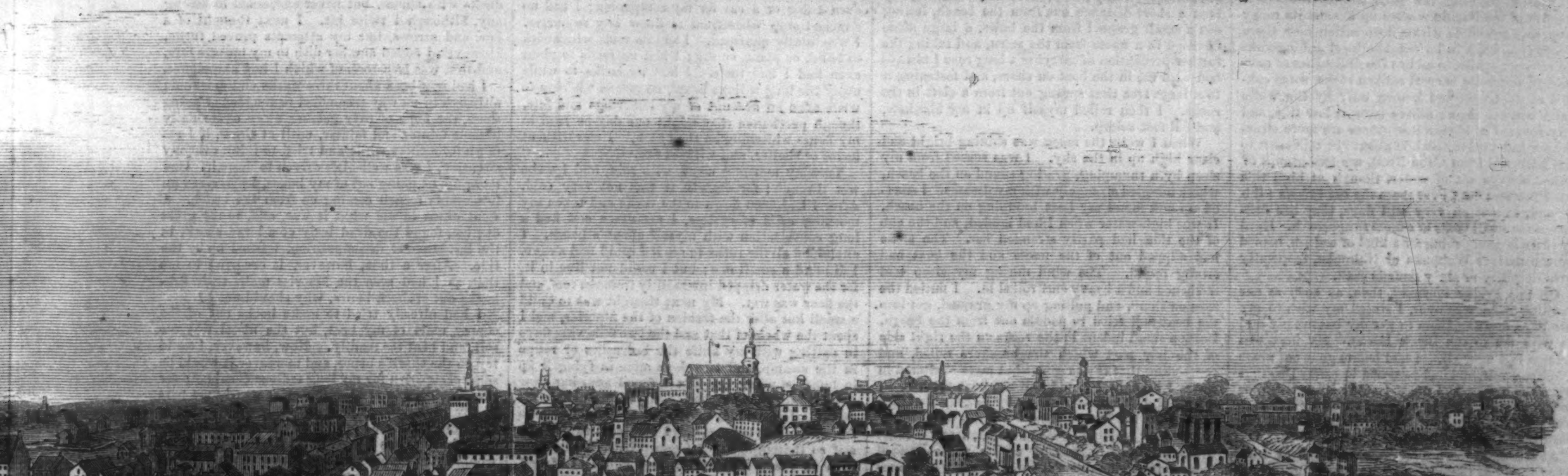


REBEL PRISONS ON MAIN, NEAR TWENTY-FIFTH STREET, RICHMOND.



D, VIRGINIA.—[See Page 343.]

FROM THE BLACK ROCKS, ON FRIDAY.

I AM a clergyman, and the following is a truthful record of a memorable passage in my life.

I had been living for two years among the tribe called Ngapuhis, the most powerful and important tribe in the northern part of New Zealand. I planted my own potatoes and kumeras, or sweet-potatoes, caught my own fish, and lived in a house built in great part by myself, assisted by two natives—one called Tinana, and the other Rewharewha—on a piece of ground given to me by the latter, and called Opipito. I was employed in teaching the Maori or New Zealand children, and trying to establish a little church: working meanwhile with my own hands to obtain my own livelihood, and learning from the rude, uncivilized, yet hospitable natives many of their ways and customs. The chief of the tribe was an old man named Manu, tall, well formed, old yet erect. To him I owe many obligations which I fear I can never repay. One of them was the gift of two young men, his slaves—a youth named Paihia, a lad about seventeen years old, and a young man named Waipuna, about twenty. These two were of great assistance to me in my labors on my piece of land, bringing in my fire-wood, helping to cultivate the ground, and rowing and managing my boat in my fishing excursions.

In the month of August in the year 1859, in the second week of the month, on a Friday, the nineteenth morning, about the middle of the wet season (in the northern part of New Zealand we have in reality but two seasons in the year, summer or the dry season, and winter or the wet season), I wished for a change of diet, and made up my mind to go out for a day's fishing. Outside the harbor of the Bay of Islands, about sixteen miles off, is one of the most noted capes in New Zealand, called Cape Brett. This cape is a well-known landmark to vessels entering the port, and as the whole breadth of the Pacific washes up against its rocky sides, and rebounds with a deep sullen roar, there is nearly always in its neighborhood a dangerous sea rolling; while, to add to the difficulties of navigation, there are several sunken rocks, some covered at all times, and known only by the white water around them; others bare at low tide, and only covered at high-water—these are more clearly seen and avoided—while about six miles out to sea, eastward from Cape Brett, are two groups of rocks, always out of water, though at high tide but a few feet out; over these the sea breaks wildly, and, except on very still days, they are dangerous for small boats or canoes to approach. Hard by there is good fishing for a kind of codfish, named by the natives Wahpuka or Hahpuka, frequently weighing fifty or sixty pounds each.

On this Friday morning, then, as soon as our morning meal was over, I stated my wish to my two boys, desiring them to get my boat ready and go with me to the Black Rocks. My boat was sixteen feet over all. I had before gone out alone off Cape Brett, and had returned in safety; so that when the boys asked me if I could spare them, as they were desirous of taking up our potatoes—which they were afraid were spoiling from the frequent rains we had had—I started off alone.

At the end of two hours' pleasant sailing I arrived safely at the fishing-grounds. I lighted my pipe, baited my lines, and waited patiently for a bite, which soon came, and I took a fish of about twenty pounds' weight. I had been out about three hours, and had caught five fish. The day was beautifully sunny and warm, the breeze had died away, and a soft easy swell was all that disturbed the surface of the ocean. I was rebaiting my hook after catching my last fish, when I felt a breath of air fan my cheeks, and, looking up, saw a little ripple curling and crisping the waters. A land breeze was setting in. In great haste and much apprehension I rolled up my lines, hoisted my sails, and attempted to regain the place I had left in the morning. Meanwhile the breeze freshened, the tide was ebbing, and a strong current set me more and more rapidly from the Black Rocks and the land. To add to my perplexity, the gaff of my main-sail gave way, and the sail came down. This took several minutes to repair, and all this time I was being gradually drifted farther out to sea. Feeling that I could not manage the boat single-handed against wind, tide, and current, I hauled down both sails, and, putting out my small paddles, attempted to row back. After nearly two hours' hard and strenuous exertion, completely foiled and weary, I had to give that up.

In this state of affairs I took out my pipe, and, with a strange feeling of despair, began to smoke, letting the boat drift. A sense of utter helplessness and hopelessness stole over me. I felt as if all that was passing were a hideous dream. How long I remained in this state I can hardly say. I took no note of time. But when I roused myself, and looked once more around, I found the sun setting, and a thin gray mist slowly creeping along the land, quietly veiling it from my sad and lingering gaze. Thank God there was a moon! I can hardly say how its light comforted me. Even now I scarcely dare to think how that long and weary night would have passed had it been dark and cloudy.

I knew that far away out at sea were a group of three small islands. I had heard the natives frequently speak of them as being high, rocky, and covered with forest. I had, moreover, heard of canoes having drifted out there, carried onward by the very wind which was then blowing. By degrees it dawned upon me that I might reach them. I accordingly once more set sail, and ran all night before a steady, mild breeze. Oh, how long that night seemed!

The day—so eagerly longed for, and yet bringing with it a dreary consciousness of affording no relief—at length came: first, a light gray streak along the eastern horizon, gradually assuming a rosy hue, then changing to a deeper crimson flush. The sun, round, large, and red, rose like a vast ball of blood, softening to a brilliant gold: the whole sky being flecked with little golden clouds. I remember how I marked each change of the dawn; how dreamily I watched the sun rise; and then, waking up as it were with a start, how I placed my hand over my eyes, and looked long and eagerly in the direction where I thought the islands lay. Afar off on the distant horizon I saw what at first I thought were clouds low down and resting on the water. I looked again when a short time had elapsed. The outline was unchanged, but more distinctly defined, and, as the sunlight glinted on it, I discerned the peaks of some high lands. I steered straight toward them. I kept on my course. I then ate some of my cold potatoes, and drank eagerly of the water, the first food that had passed my lips since I had started. I then lighted a pipe and patiently awaited the course of events. Here a new and unexpected shock awaited me. Happening to look behind my boat I saw a huge shark following silently in my wake. I can hardly describe the cold thrill of horror that tingled through my veins at the sight. Every moment my excited imagination made me think it was going to attack me. Already I pictured myself as being torn to pieces. I was fascinated and could not turn away my gaze, as the creature quietly followed every motion of my boat; seeming instinctively to know the predicament I was in, and looking upon me as its lawful prey. About noon I was sufficiently near the shore to mark the outlines of the coast, which seemed to be rocky and precipitous, gloomy and forbidding; the hill-summits crowned with large trees. When I approached within two miles of the land I tacked, and ran along shore until I rounded a rocky point and saw a small bay with a wall of rocks on each side, about, as near as I could guess, two hundred yards wide and one hundred and fifty deep. Here I hauled down my sails, put out my paddles, and pulled on shore, landing on a steep pebbly beach. I took out my blankets to have a sleep, for I felt exceedingly weary; first, however, fastening my boat a short distance out from the beach, letting out a small grapnel from the bows, a large stone fastened in a noose from the stern, and taking the further precaution of carrying a long rope I always had with me in the boat on shore, and fastening it to a large tree that sprang out from a cleft in the rocks. I then rolled myself up in my blankets, and fell fast asleep.

When I woke the moon was shining bright and clear high up in the sky. I was roused from my sleep by a thumping, grating sound on the beach, which mingled strangely with my dreams. I started up and found my boat bumping on the beach. It was high-water when I had landed, and the ebb of the tide had partly stranded her. The stone had slipped out of the noose and the boat had swung round. The wind during my sleep had freshened and a heavy surf rolled in. I untied the rope on shore, and pulling up my grapnel, got into the boat and tried to paddle out from the beach. I saw a small indent in the rocks on the right side of the bay past which the breakers rolled, and concluding that it was somewhat more sheltered in there, I thought I would pull the boat thither. I managed with no small difficulty to get about fifty yards from the beach, when I heard a dull, heavy roar behind me, and, looking round, I saw a large breaker rolling in, rearing up its white-crested mane, and seeming as if it would overlap and tumble in. I gave one short, terrified glance, let go my oars, threw my arms round the middle thwart of the boat. There was a dull, heavy crash, and I felt the boat borne swiftly along, rolling over and over until it settled with a bump on a low rock at one side of the bay, and I found myself flung out a little higher up, bruised, sore, half choked, and half blinded with the salt-water. I dragged myself a little higher up the rock, and there sat and looked in dismay at my poor boat, with her side stove in, and a sharp pointed rock sticking through her bottom. My boat was irretrievably broken and ruined, and I had foolishly left in it my fishing-lines, the fish, and the remainder of my potatoes, as well as the two empty bottles. Mechanically I put my hands into my pocket for my pipe; it was gone too; I had left it on one of the thwarts of the boat, and thus I was deprived of even this poor comfort and consolation. It may seem ridiculous, but it is nevertheless true, that I took the loss of my pipe more to heart than every other loss I had sustained. Doubtless I ought to have been thankful I had escaped with my life; but I can not say I felt so. I could do nothing but rock backward and forward on the stone on which I sat, cold, wet, and shivering, and bitterly lamenting my hard fate.

How long I might have remained thus I can not say; time passed altogether unheeded: I marked not the sun's rise, I heeded not the breaking morn. Lonely, deserted, forlorn, and sad, I was once more roused to a consciousness of my position by hunger. I looked round, and found the rocks on which I sat covered with oysters. Gathering up a large pebble, I began breaking some open, and I tore my fingers in the operation, and felt a sort of savage pleasure in the pain. After satisfying my hunger I next looked round for water, which, to my exceeding joy and thankfulness, I found trickling down one of the rocks. Thither accordingly I hastened, and took a good long draught. After bathing my face and washing my hands, I sat down somewhat refreshed.

What next? I scarcely knew. Any thing rather than sit still; that nearly drove me wild. I tried to murmur a prayer, but my thoughts would wander away, and I found that I could only tranquilize my mind by moving about. I wandered back to the boat, and, hopeless as the task was, tried to mend her. I had with me my pocket-knife, and I tried various poor devices with it. Although perfectly convinced of the uselessness of my task, I could not abstain from working at it, and it was not until I had thrown away two whole days that I desisted. The first night I gathered a heap of long dry fern, and slept on it, rolled up in my blankets. It was on a Saturday that I landed on the island, and although the following day was Sunday, I worked all day at the boat. It was not until Monday night that I finally gave up the attempt.

The small bay was surrounded by a rocky rampart, varying in height from ninety to two hundred feet, surmounted by a dense forest. At the feet of these rocks was another rock of from ten to twelve feet broad, sloping and covered at high tide, but bare at low-water, and encrusted with oysters. The beach was composed of shingle, descending steeply into the water. Inland was a small piece of level ground, about half an acre in extent, the middle of which was a basin, into which the little spring of water tumbled, whose waters fell and rose with the ebb and flow of the tide: the water of the sea percolating through the pebbly beach. In this small pond grew a sort of flag called by the natives of New Zealand raupo, and of which their huts are mostly built. Round the pond the ground was composed of small pebbles, or gravel and sand; growing over it was a coarse kind of bent or grass. Nearer the rocks which inclosed this flat piece of ground in an irregular semicircle grew tall ferns, finding root in the soil and débris washed down from the upper grounds, and shaded and kept moist by the overhanging rocks.

This is an imperfect description of the place on which, Crusoe-like, I had been so strangely thrown, with no earthly possessions beyond a small pocket-knife, a pair of blankets, a few pieces of broken glass (the remains of my two bottles which I found on the rocks, and which I carefully treasured), and my tattered sails and a broken boat. My long rope I lost from carelessly leaving it too near the water when mending my boat. How far the island was from any inhabited land I knew not. I only knew it was uninhabited by human beings, and that I could have no fellowship with any of my kind, not even savages, during my sojourn on it. How long that sojourn was likely to be God only knew. Unlike Robinson Crusoe, I had not even a dog or a cat for my companion; I had no wrecked ship wherefrom to draw any resources. I was totally unarmed. I had no tools wherewith to build, or plant, or dig; I had no seeds to plant even had I had tools. I had no books to while away the long tedious hours, no means whereon to write even an account of my sufferings and fate, though perchance they might one day be read in my bones whitening on the beach. I was without house or shelter, and without fire.

Tuesday morning came, with rain, and I woke wet through; fortunately it was not very cold. After I had been down to the rocks and taken my morning meal of oysters, I sat down and had a long consultation with myself about a house. I examined all the rocks to see if I could find a cave. I did find a small one; but I could not live in it, for the water dripped incessantly from the roof, and the floor was wet. My next thought was to build a small hut after the fashion of the Maories, and I spent the whole of that and the two following days in cutting with my knife the bulrushes or raupo in the swamp, and two days more in tying it up in bundles, using the flax I found growing near the pond for that purpose. All this occupied that week. The employment diverted my thoughts from brooding too much. I took care to tire myself so thoroughly that I generally fell asleep as soon as I had said my prayers and laid myself down. Sunday following I resolved to keep free from work. I climbed up the narrow rocky pathway into the forest, and found growing, as I expected, among the trees, abundance of the wild palm, or nikau. The heart of two or three of these I cut out with my knife. The heart of this palm is about the thickness of a man's wrist, is about a foot long, and tastes not unlike the English hazelnut when roasted on the ashes of a fire. It is very nutritious. This, with the oysters, composed my supper on the second Sunday of my stay on the island. The day was warm and sunny, and, coming after the four or five wet days, was very cheering. After supper I planned out my house, having chosen a place for it during my walk in the afternoon.

Before I lay down for the night I sat on a great stone, looking over the sea, and kept repeating the psalm in which occurs the verse, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance."

So ended my second Sunday on the island.

I woke early next morning, and after my usual visit to the rocks went to my boat, and taking one of the lining-boards spent an hour or so in trying to fashion it into something like a spade. Then I dug a small trench round the spot where I intended placing my house, and then made perfectly level a space of about fourteen feet long by ten feet wide, pulling up the grass and plants. I went into the forest and cut down four long, straight sticks, about an inch and a half in diameter, and five to six feet long, forked at one end. These were for the corners. I cut two about the same thickness, and about nine feet long, forked in the same manner at one end. These were to carry the ridge-pole. I then cut down three or four bundles of long straight sticks of various lengths and thickness. This took me altogether two days—namely, cutting and carrying them down to the place I had chosen for my house, the frame-work of which took me three more days to complete. The labor of breaking open the oysters in sufficient quantities to satisfy my appetite very considerably abridged the length of my day. It was a task of no small difficulty, in which my fingers nearly always suffered; and, let me eat as many oysters as I would, I rarely left the rocks perfectly satisfied—there was ever within me a disagreeable sensation of hunger. I was tortured with dreams of solid substantial breakfasts, dinners, and suppers. I had not even the comfort of a drop of water at hand, when I awoke with a raging thirst upon me, having no vessel to keep it in. (I afterward tried to make a vessel capable of holding water from some soft clay; but though I baked it in the fire to harden it, it was so porous that the water evaporated during the night, and I generally found the vessel empty in the morning.)

I had frequently seen the Maories obtain fire by rubbing together two sticks, and I had once or twice attempted it myself, but without success. Now, however, the obtaining of fire was a matter of such consequence to me that I resolved once more to make the attempt. First I sought for some hard stone, thinking therewith to strike fire with the aid of my knife; but I could not find any stone fit for my purpose, and if I had, there was no tinder whereon to strike the spark. I therefore resolved to make an effort to obtain fire by rubbing the two sticks—with but small hope of success. I gathered some very dry ferns and small manuka twigs, which are very resinous and inflammable. I rubbed it between two pieces of wood—slowly at first. Presently the wood began to smell of burning, and a little wreath of white smoke curled upward. I then quickened my motion until the perspiration streamed down my face, while my elbows and wrists began to ache painfully. In this way I rubbed for well-nigh twenty minutes, and all the result I obtained was the smell of fire and smoke. I nearly despaired, and was about to give it up, when one of the minute shavings flew up a living spark. What a thrill of joy it sent through me! I forgot my weariness; and redoubling my efforts for a few seconds, had the satisfaction of seeing several more sparks. I dropped the stick, and blew gently on the heap until it was on fire. I then gently shook it upon the fern, wrapped the fern up in fir-twigs, and waved it quickly round my head until the whole mass was in flames. This fire I never allowed to go out.

I kept a good stock of fire-wood, and dug a hole in the middle of my house, which I kept always filled with hot embers, besides keeping a pile of dry purin sticks for light at night. With a gun I could have materially improved my food, as I saw plenty of wild-ducks on the small pond, besides parrots and pigeons in the forest. I attempted to hit the ducks with stones, but never succeeded in killing any, although I twice hit. I next thought of a bow and arrows, but my attempts proved futile. However, I added another dish to my meagre fare, and that was fern-root, of which I had abundance.

I had now been about three weeks on the island; although in no way reconciled to the idea of living there, the hope of ever getting away again daily became fainter and fainter, until at times, if I sat down for a short while and tried to think over my situation, I was well-nigh driven to despair. One morning, on going out of my house, I perceived an intolerable stench coming up from the beach. I went down to see what it was, and, to my great disgust, found the dead body of a large shark, in the last stage of decomposition, washed up by the tide. After a time, however, it occurred to me that, as I had seen the Maories make their fish-hooks out of shark bones, why should not I?

I had already tried to make hooks out of the copper nails of my boat, but the metal was too soft, and bent too readily. Now, however, I could try on the shark's bones, and moreover it would be some occupation for my long tedious evenings; for the evening was always the most wearisome part of my time. Many a dull evening I spent, my thoughts far far away, roaming free and uncontrolled over spots where, in all likelihood, my feet would never tread again; or I wearied myself with brooding over my condition, and wondering what my friends would think of my long-continued absence.

In six evenings, with the aid of my knife, and some stones, and my broken glass, I made two bone hooks, sufficiently sharp and strong to catch any fish I might find off the rocks. Another week was spent in twisting raw flax into fishing-lines. Next morning I was up with the early dawn, and, after many failures, captured a large rock cod which I speedily roasted at my fire. How much of it I ate I should be ashamed to confess.

I may here give a diary of my daily proceedings on the island. I generally woke early, and, after saying my prayers, betook myself to the spring of water and had a good fresh bath. My next task was to go to the rocks, and either obtain a supply of oysters or fish for breakfast. I next went up into the forest for a supply of fire-wood, looking well about me for any discoveries that might prove useful. I found growing among the shrubs a large orange-colored pod producing a very fragrant pepper. With this I flavored my fish. I also found salt in the crevices of the rocks deposited there by evaporation. After collecting fire-wood I next gathered fresh fern for my bed. Then came the preparation for my mid-day meal, for which I generally now had fish, and either the wild palm or wild cabbage which I found growing at the foot of the rocks. I made a change occasionally in my diet by the mode of cooking it: one day broiling it, and another day cooking it in a native kapura or hougi, with hot stones in a hole. The afternoon I generally spent in a walk in the forest, into which, however, I dared not penetrate very far for fear of losing my road. In the evening I went down to the pond and caught a few eels ready for bait the following morning. As soon as it was dark I retired into my hut, and, throwing a few sticks on the fire to make a light, employed myself in making hooks, or lines, or any other thing I could think of making and was able to make. I had dug a hole in the centre of my floor, in which I deposited every night sufficient fuel to last until morning. My last employment was my prayers, after which, rolling myself up in my blanket, I tried to sleep.

I had been seven weeks and two days on the island according to my reckoning—which reckoning consisted in merely repeating to myself occasionally, during each day, its name and the date of the month—when, as I was coming from the forest with a load of fire-wood, I looked toward the sea, and was startled by the sight of a vessel passing at about eight miles' distance. At first I scarce knew what to do. I threw down the wood and rushed over the rocks to my hut for my blankets to hang up in a tree for signal. I carried the blankets up the rocks, and climbed half way up a tree, when the thought occurred to me I should be too late, and that the smoke of a fire would be seen more plainly. I accordingly slid down the rocks again for some fire, lighted the pile of wood I had thrown down, and then began to climb once more into the tree to hang out my blankets. Alas! I had made the fire of dry wood, and it burned too brightly to emit much smoke. It was now too late to place some green branches on it. The vessel faded slowly out of sight—never having noticed my attempts at signaling her.

I know not what effect such an event would have had on others placed in my situation, whether it would have awakened and encouraged other men to hope, or would have driven them to despair. It had the latter tendency on me; and for the first time since I landed on the island I gave way to tears. I sat down, listless and dejected, and cried long and bitterly. All that day I cried bitterly.

At night I was startled. I had caught, as usual, several small eels and placed them on the roof of my hut to be ready for my morning's fishing. In the middle of the night I was aroused by hearing a strange scratching, scrambling noise upon the roof. It was with no small trepidation that I ventured out to see what it was. The night was very dark, and the first thing I saw were two fiery balls of light glaring at me from the top of the hut; next moment a black object flew at me. I stooped suddenly, and the animal went over me with a loud hiss and disappeared in the darkness. It was a large black cat. How it came there I know not. I had never seen it before and never saw it afterward, although I heard it once or twice wailing dismally in the forest.

Of the next two or three days I have a very confused recollection. I remember wandering about all day seeking rest and finding none, careless, heedless, hopeless. It was during this time, I doubt not, that I lost my reckoning; for somehow or other I found that I had lost three days.

How long this state might have continued I can not tell, but it was most mercifully diverted in the following way: I had penetrated deeper into the forest one day than I had ever ventured before, where I came to a rather abrupt gully; here I stumbled over a tree root and rolled down a descent. When I recovered myself I got on my feet and looked round. I had rolled into the midst of some tall plants, with a broadish leaf, long, entire, and smooth, that felt sticky or glutinous when touched, and with a dusky-colored flower. It was tobacco. A coarse, bitter kind, but still it was tobacco. Eagerly I gathered all I could find, and then retraced my steps. As soon as I arrived at home I hung up my tobacco-leaves on a long string of flax inside my hut. I then set my wits to work to invent a pipe, in which I at last rudely succeeded. How great a comfort it was no words of mine could adequately tell.

One thing that more than any other impressed my mind with the utter solitude of the island on which I was cast was the absence of animal life and the silence. I had seen, during several weeks' residence, little or no traces of life beyond the solitary instance of the wild cat, which had probably been thrown overboard or had swum ashore from some passing ship. The only other living things I had yet seen, except birds, were lizards. Wild pigeons abounded. I made about twenty snares to catch some. For several days I did not succeed, and I had almost despaired, when one day, to my great delight, a couple were caught. How eagerly I cooked them, and the enjoyment I had in eating them I need not describe. I afterward took several more, securing altogether during the time I was on the island fourteen birds.

I now went up on the rocks, where I had cleared a place to lie and bask in the sun, and whence I could overlook the sea. Several weeks had elapsed since I saw the vessel.

About this time I found in the forest, near my tobacco plot, some yellow clay, a quantity of which I carried home, and occupied my evenings in trying to convert into some vessel to hold water. I made several ungainly-looking things, and spoiled all but two in trying to bake them. The occupation, however, served to divert my attention and keep me from brooding too much over my misery.

In the hope of finding honey, I had several bee hunts. How bees came on this desolate island puzzled me; but there they were; they could hardly be indigenous. I traced an immense swarm to a tree, which I had the cruelty to burn down, that being the only expedient by which I could obtain the honey hived high up in the trunk. I was rewarded for this toil (which was great, first and last) by the largest stock of honey I had ever yet seen taken, even in New Zealand, from a tree. A part of the mass of honey was two or three seasons old, being of a deep yellow color, and the wax brown; the rest was of a pale straw color, in snow-white virgin combs. Of the latter I ate eagerly, and then collecting the rest, deposited it in my clay vessels, leaving the oldest a prey to the lizards and ants. I found this honey a delicious addition to my fish. I found afterward two more bee trees, the contents of which I obtained and enjoyed.

I had frequently noticed what I took to be the footsteps of some kind of animal on the pathway leading up the rocks into the forest. I had not, however, seen any thing of any animal. I knew pigs and goats to be the only animals found in New Zealand in a wild state, and they are not indigenous, having been introduced, I believe, by Captain Cook. One day, as I was returning with a load of fire-wood, I heard below, to my great surprise, some animals bleating. Laying down my load quietly, I looked on the ground below, and, to my great delight, saw a herd of wild goats licking the salt on the rocks. How was I to come at them? How could I catch one of them? I remembered that Robinson Crusoe became swift enough of foot to run them down. I much doubted my capability of doing so. As, however, no plan suggested itself to me other than that of stealing quietly upon them, and then making a sudden rush, I resolved forthwith to try that course. Slowly and stealthily I got within fifty yards of them unnoticed. One suddenly observed me and gave a loud bleat of warning, and they all made a rush up the rocks where no human foot could follow. Having got out of my reach, they turned round and stared at me. What could I do? Nothing but quietly return for my fire-wood, and try to devise some mode of catching them at some future time. Many were the devices that passed through my mind, all equally futile. Lying in the hut some days later, I heard some animals running over the gravel in front of it. It was mid-day, and I was resting from the heat of the sun. I peeped out, and saw six goats separated from their companions and browsing on some karaka bushes near my spring. I crept out as stealthily as cat after mouse; the plashing of the little stream over the rock drowned any little noise I might have made, and, fortunately, the wind blew from them to me. I found the distance between me and them gradually lessen, while the space between the pool of water and the steep precipitous rocks gradually narrowed, leaving them less and less room to rush past me. At length they saw me, and seemed so near that for a moment they stood perfectly still—paralyzed. I rushed at them with a whoop. Five passed me; but the last, a she-goat, heavy with kid, got separated from her companions, and in her perplexity leaped upon a large stone in the water, and there stood bleating most pitifully. I made one bound after her, threw my arms about her neck, and held her in a close embrace. Now, I thought, I have succeeded in catching the very goat I would have chosen; how shall I get her home? My doubts as to this important question were very soon settled. The stone on which we both were was covered with a green slimy moss, and gradually I felt my feet slipping from under me. The goat made a sudden plunge for liberty, and down I came with her into the water. I was forced to loosen my hold. She beat me at swimming, short as the distance was to land, and with a loud bleat she rushed up the rocks after her companions.

I was consoled on the same evening by finding an enormous shell which had been washed up by the tide; this, along with two or three smaller ones, I carried away, rejoicing in them as vessels to hold water. Many and many a time, however, I sat planning how to secure a goat; for even one goat, as a companion, would have been a great boon; but it was all to no purpose, I never got one.

One bright moonlight night I fell short of wood. I had that day neglected getting it (why I forget now), so I had to turn out and go up into the forest. The moon shone beautifully, and the effects of light and shade among the huge trees and gigantic creepers was so fantastic and weirdlike that I could not help sitting down on a fallen tree, and, half-frightened yet utterly entranced, gazing on the wonderful scene. As I sat, a loud shrill whistle sounded close behind me. After a short time I recovered sufficient self-possession to look cautiously around, and saw a dark object moving. I waited until it came into the full light of the moon, when I saw what at first I took for a quadruped. But it was a bird—a bird with neither wings nor feathers, but a sort of fur. It occurred to me that this must be the "kiwi" I had heard much of from the natives, called by the whites the apteryx. Apart from its skin, which I wished to obtain, it was, as I knew, exceedingly good eating. I looked round for a stick or a stone, and at length got hold of a stick without alarming the bird. I started forward, and made an unsuccessful blow at it. It ran very quickly; I managed, however, to overtake it, when the brute threw itself on its back and struck at me with its legs, ripped up my trowsers with a sharp hind claw, and tore the skin of my leg most grievously. I was so taken aback that the bird escaped. I had one satisfaction, however; I had ascertained the cause of the mysterious whistling, and thus set all fears on that score at rest. In a day or two I found apteryx eggs, which made a welcome addition to my larder.

Four long weary months and two weeks had passed. Three or four times in the day I regularly went up the rocks, trying to sight a sail. A long time had now elapsed since I saw the last, and my hopes of ever seeing another became every day fainter and fainter. At length, one fine warm sunny day, as I was lying on the rock, looking every now and then seaward, I descried a small speck far out to sea. At first I thought my eyes deceived me; I rubbed them, and looked again, and saw it still more distinctly. I took a short walk in the forest, and coming back found the object grown larger and plainer. I could now discern glistening in the light of the sun the white sails of a vessel. How my heart beat! Would she come near enough for me to signalize her? I made ready a fire, and this time gathered several green branches to make a smoke with. Nearer and nearer she came, until at length I made her out to be a large schooner bound to the southward, I supposed to Auckland. When she arrived (as near as I could guess) about four miles from the island I lighted my fire, and heaped on it a mass of green wood and damp moss, and watched the smoke ascend in a large dense cloud. I looked eagerly toward the schooner. She came nearer and nearer. My heart palpitated. I could distinctly hear and almost count its loud and anxious throbs. "They see the smoke, they see it!" I cried in ecstasy as she suddenly hauled up to the wind, and I heard her sails flap sharply against her masts. In my excitement I screamed until my throat was sore, with the vain hope that the people on board would hear my cries. Do they really see the smoke? Will they lower a boat for me? The few minutes of suspense during which she lay aback seemed hours. Hours? Years. "I know they see the smoke, I know it!" I cried; "how cruel not to hasten! Why do they not lower a boat and pull off?" "They are going!" I shrieked in my agony, as I saw the vessel's head slowly turn, and the sails again belly out to the wind. "They are going! Oh, my God, they are going! And leaving me here! Have mercy, have mercy, and do not utterly forsake me!" I cast myself with my face to the ground, my eyes hot, dry, and tearless. I dared not look again. I felt as if I was going mad. At length I got up, and took one last despairing look at the receding ship, now again diminished to a small speck.

Silent and tearless, I sat for hours looking down into the quiet deep blue waters. Here and there corals of all strange hues and many forms branching out in different directions, with bright-colored, strange-shaped fish gliding in and out among the grotesque stony foliage, and snow-white shells gleaming in the bright clear water among the dark-green weed, which swayed idly backward and forward with the plashings of the tide. All down there looked so serene and peaceful that the thought crept into my mind, "Would it not be better to roll off this rock and seek that resting-place? It would be but one plunge, a very brief pang, and then to sleep."

As I sat brooding over those wicked thoughts, the words, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: *I will deliver thee*, and thou shalt glorify me," came suddenly into my mind. I rushed down to my hut, fell on my knees, and prayed God to pity me and give me patience and submission.

Four more weary weeks passed without any incident worth noting. Methodically I fished and gathered fire-wood, roamed through the forest, and formed futile plans for catching goats. In this manner another month passed. I had now been five months alone on the island.

I had retired to bed one night as usual, when I was startled by hearing something bump on the beach. I jumped up, and listened. It can not be my old boat lifted off the rocks by a high tide? No, it could not be that, for the boat had been almost all removed for one purpose or other. And yet I heard footsteps, and then a loud, gruff voice saying, "Kumea, Kumea!" I knew that voice well, but I almost thought I was dreaming. I rushed out, and saw by the light of the moon, which was then near the full, five or six dusky figures trying to haul up a large boat out of the reach of the breakers. With a loud shout of joy I ran forward, but stood amazed and appalled at the sudden yell which escaped from the persons, who left off dragging the boat, and tumbled precipitately into her, as if their only safety were there. Moreover, I saw, to my horror, a large, bare, brawny arm held up, with something glittering in the moon's silver light, and I feared its flying at me. "Kowai koe?" (who are you?) shouted a loud voice. "Ko Henare ahau" (I am Henry) I exclaimed. "Stop," answered the voice, "or I throw this!" at the same time brandishing the small tomahawk. I well knew the fatal aim that would follow if I moved. I stood perfectly still. The figure then moved toward the boat. "Stop, Monganui," I cried, in an agony of fear lest they should go off again and leave me. "I am Henry—do not leave me." "Ka teka koe" (you lie), he exclaimed, "kua mate Henare" (Henry is dead). "You are his spirit." "No, no," I answered, "I swear to you I am he. Come and touch me, and see whether I am not flesh and blood." "No," he said, "I do not believe you. You are a spirit, and I shall go." He made toward the boat. What agony I suffered at that moment! But suddenly he turned, and stood still, calling to me, "Ka kite koe tera kowhatu?" (Do you see that stone?) pointing to one at my feet. "Ae ra" (Yes), I answered. "Take it up, then." I did so. "Now, do you see that tree?" pointing to the very tree I had tied my boat to when I first landed, and which grew out of the rocks. "I see it." "Throw the stone at it." I did so, and hit it. "Ah!" he said, "no ghost could do that—only flesh and blood could lift and throw a large stone like that." "May I come, then, to you?" "Yes," he said, still, however, hesitating. I went up to him with the usual Maori salute of "Tena koutou."

He caught hold of me and grasped my hand so hard that I flinched. "Ah," he said, "that is real flesh and blood;" and then, looking me full in the face, he said, "and you look something like Henry, only thinner." "Live here five months, Monganui," I replied, "and try to keep stout on it."

As soon as he had fully got it into his mind that I was the person I represented myself to be, he began asking me innumerable questions. The others had been listening all this time in the boat, and on his order came out reluctantly: we pulled the boat up high on the beach, the women (for they were the chief's five wives) casting all the time side glances of doubt and mistrust on me. But I contrived once or twice to knock against them rather roughly, as only flesh and blood and bones could do, and this seemed to set their minds at rest. Monganui, who was the chief who had given me the two boys, came up to my hut, while his wives busied themselves in making a shelter for the night with the oars of the boat and their blankets. Monganui and I remaining at my house after supper, we lighted our pipes. I proceeded to narrate my adventures of the last few months, in the course of which I was frequently interrupted by his savage ejaculations of astonishment. When I had done he said, "Ah, well, you would make a good Maori," that being the very highest compliment he could pay me. I then asked him how he had come, and why? He told me he had been fishing at the Black Rocks, and it had came on to blow very fresh, as in my own case; so freshly did it blow at last that, despite his having a whale-boat and crew, they could not pull against it, and so ran before it to these islands.

In the morning, as soon as it was light, we went out. We found the women already up, a fire lighted, and some potatoes and fish being cooked in an iron pot, or kohua. The women at first looked somewhat askance at me, but seeing me take a potato out of the pot and deliberately peel and eat it, they again seemed considerably relieved.

Of course Monganui had made his mind up that I would leave the island with him as soon as the weather moderated, which it seemed about to do. He arranged for our leaving early the following morning. The morning opened clear and fine, with the wind in the right direction for sailing back again. We were all astir early, and in a bustle of preparation. As soon as breakfast was over the things were all put on board the boat, and every thing was ready for the start. Just then my heart failed me, despite my long and lonely residence on the island. I could not overcome my fears of trusting myself in that small boat, deeply laden as she was, and leaking, as I knew of old she did, for so long a journey. When it came to the point I drew back, much to Monganui's astonishment. "I will stay," I said. "Should you land safely, please go to Kororaika and tell the white people I am here, and that I have been living here five months. Seek the magistrate there, and ask him to send a small vessel for me, and I will remain patiently here until it arrives." "But, Henry," he answered, eagerly, "there is room. The sea is quiet, and I think I can find my way home again. Do come with us!" Again and again he urged me, but to no purpose. They all got into the boat and prepared to start, when up jumped the chief again and ran to me, pressed his nose against mine, and, with tears in his eyes, said once more, "Now, Henry, now for the last time!" "No, Monganui, I feel I can not." I rushed away to my hut, scarcely daring to trust myself any longer, and there gave way to a flood of tears. After a lapse of about a quarter of an hour I rushed up the rock and looked after the boat. There it was, a little white speck dancing up and down on the swelling waters, and, as I watched it, my heart changed once more, and I shouted and shrieked for them to come back.

Alone, alone once more. Oh! that dreadful word "alone." Perhaps I should never get away from this horrible place; never, never more! Fool! Coward! How I missed the sound of human voices! How I listened for human footsteps! How horribly lonely I was! I prayed to God that they might land safely and send off some means of rescue. I felt I could not wait long; that a very short time would elapse before I became in very truth mad. I went up the rock and strained my aching eyes with gazing across the bright blue waves. Night came at last, beautiful, still, cloudless, and moonlight, and still I sat and gazed at the sea, listening in unutterable sadness to its moanings. At length, cold, weary, and sad, I betook me to my bed.

Unrefreshed, I woke in the morning, and, as soon as breakfast was over, took my lonely station once more on the rocks, and spent the weary, weary day in gazing over the sea. I calculated that at least six days must elapse before any vessel could come, yet I could not leave my look-out. So passed the second day, and so the third, and so the fourth, and so the fifth. The sixth day came, and somewhat more hopefully I took my station, waited and prayed, and watched, but the daylight faded and night came, and still no sign. So passed the seventh day, and so dawned the eighth, and so died the eighth, and so passed the ninth, and so came the tenth. On the tenth day I was scarcely conscious; still mechanically I sat and gazed over the bright water of the cruel mocking sea.

At length, toward mid-day, I fancied I discerned a small dark speck. But I had been deceived so often that I expected it to fade away like all the rest. But no, it did not fade. I looked again, and I looked again, and still it was there, and surely increasing in size. I rushed off for a few minutes into the forest, and when I returned, there it was still; and now I saw and knew it was a vessel coming toward the island!

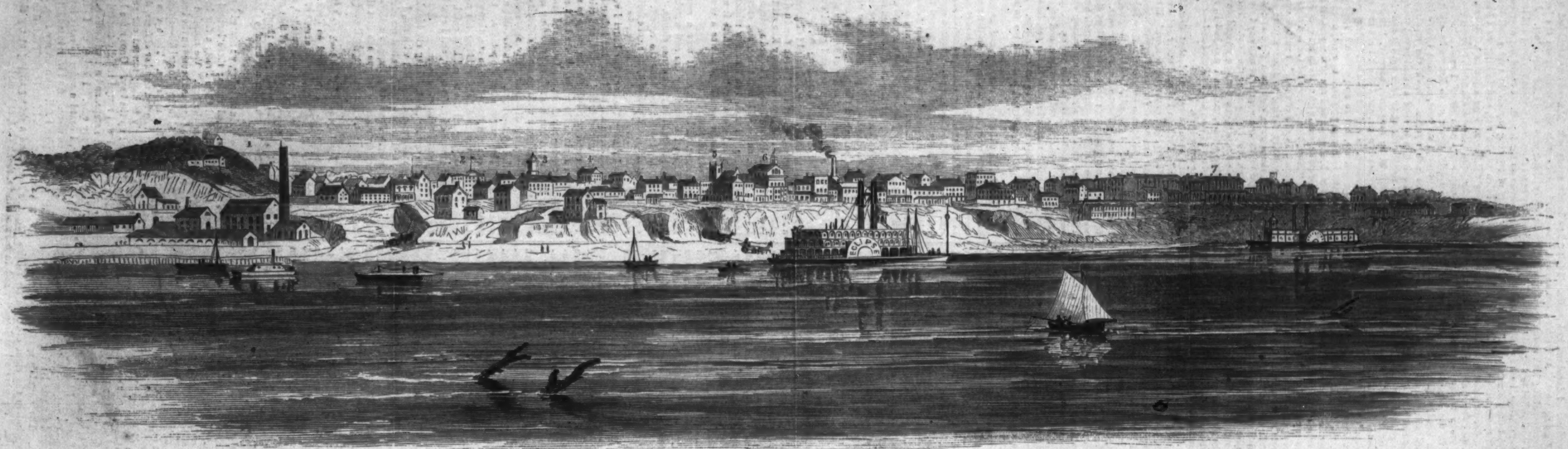
Nearer, nearer, and nearer. It was a small schooner. Again I lighted my fire and watched the smoke curl upward in thick dense clouds. A gun was fired. I could not hear the report. I could only see the small puff of white smoke fading slowly away.

What passed during the next few hours I very dimly know. I have a faint idea that I shouted, and danced, and whooped, and laughed, and cried. I rushed again and again down the rocks to my hut, and then again to the rocks. Once I fell and rolled down, tearing my clothes and skin, and bruising my hands and knees, and finally finding myself in the sea, whence with no small difficulty I emerged. Now a small boat rapidly approached the beach, pulled by two men. I rushed down to meet them. They grounded on the pebbles. One figure leaped out and rushed up to me, throwing his arms about my neck, and rubbing his nose against mine, crying all the time like a child. I felt my hand grasped by the other, and I saw before me my two native boys.

I hastened to my hut, and, taking my blankets and the things Monganui had left with me, I got into the boat, and they quickly pulled me alongside the schooner. From two English sailors in her I heard my own native tongue the first time for nearly six months. How strangely it sounded in my ears!

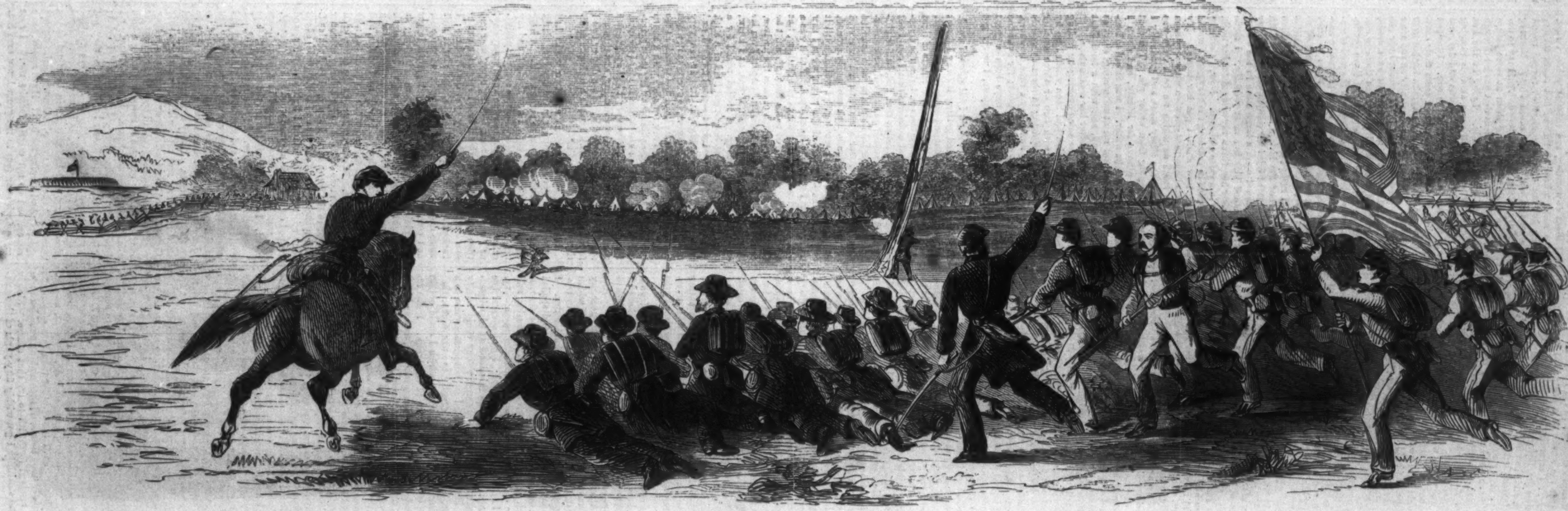
As soon as I got on board they took me below and gave me some tea. I remained on deck all that night, scarcely able to realize the events of the past few months. And so I sat and watched, and thanked God through all the watches of that most blessed night, too excited to sleep, too thankful to do any thing but return Him my humble thanks for all His goodness.

Next day, in the early morning, we neared land; there were the ill-fated rocks; there loomed up once more that dreadful Cape Brett; a few hours and we should enter the bay. We rounded the point, and once more I saw the houses on the beach. Strangely they seemed to sway to and fro—strangely a mist came before my eyes. There was the well-known pier, and on it a number of faces, dark and white, all eagerly looking toward our small vessel as she swept up the bay. Once more I got into the boat, and was rowed rapidly toward the pier. I reached the steps, and a loud and deafening cheer saluted my ears. I looked up, I saw a face I well knew, I heard a voice I dearly loved. I heard and saw no more. As I tried to mount the last step of the pier I fell down on my face, and when I came to myself I found myself in bed in my friend's house, and a doctor sitting at my side—once more, thank God, at home!

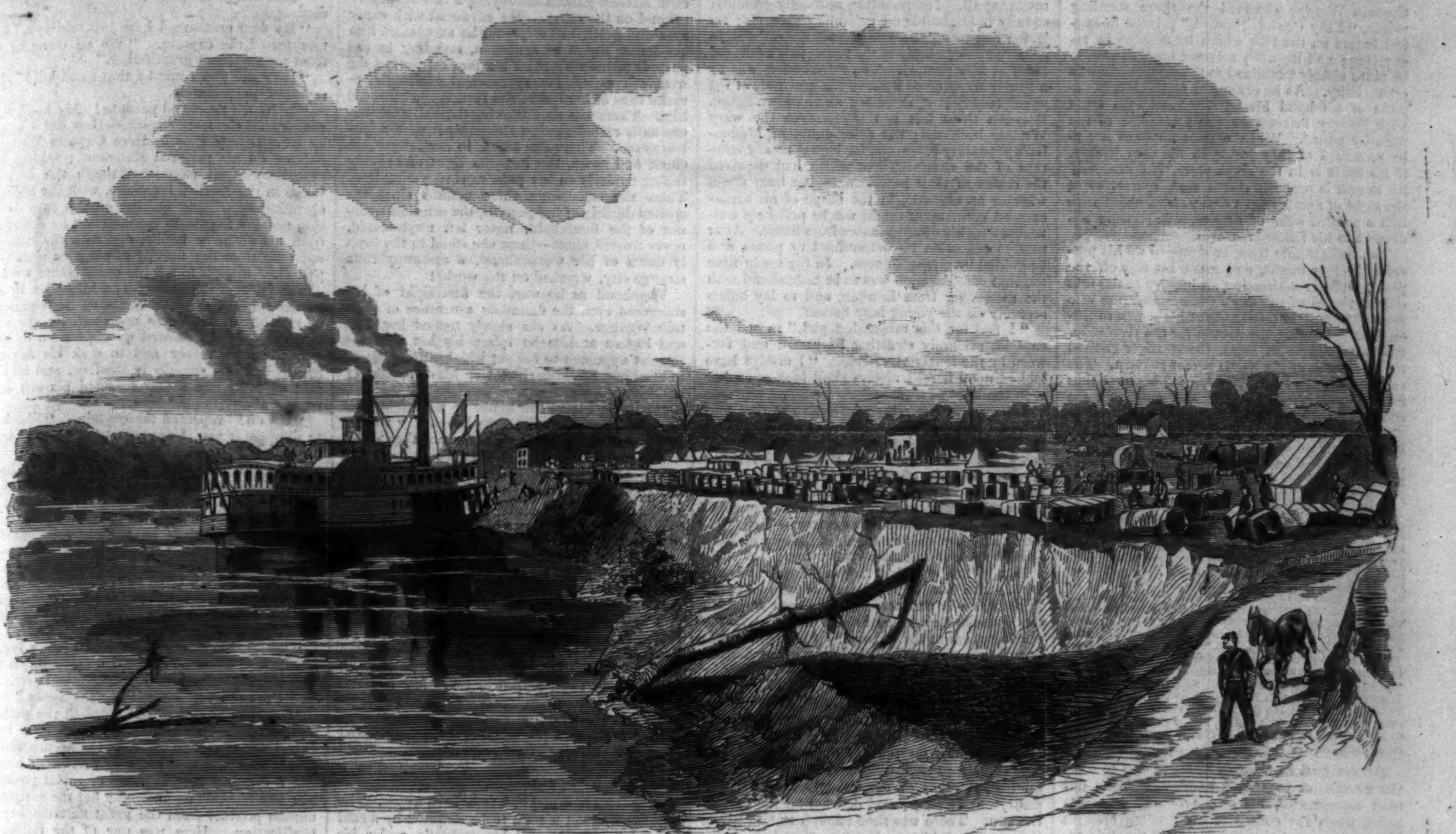


1. Navy-yard.—2. Overton House.—3. Exchange.—4. Washam House.—5. Episcopal Church.—6. Odd Fellows' Hall.—7. Gayozo House.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, FROM HOPEFIELD, ON THE ARKANSAS SIDE.—[See Page 343.]



THE EIGHTH MISSOURI VOLUNTEERS CHARGING OVER THE EIGHTEENTH REGULARS AT THE BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE, TENNESSEE.—Sketched by Mr. J. F. Gookins.—[See Page 343.]



HAMBURG LANDING, TENNESSEE, COMMISSARY DEPOT OF MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK'S ARMY.—[SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

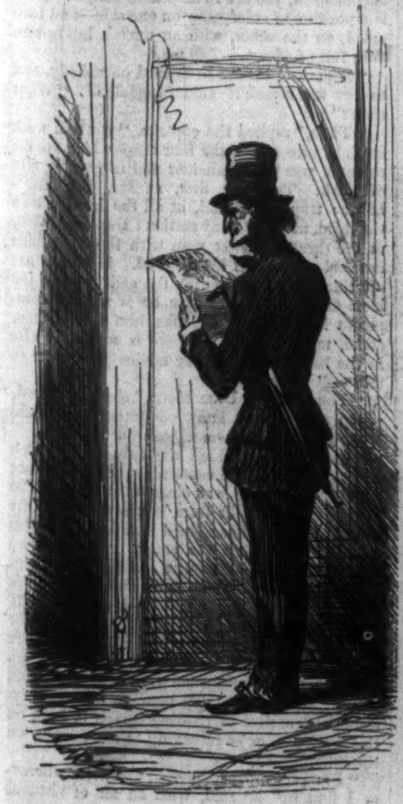
☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

THE SECOND SCENE.

SKELDERGATE, YORK.

CHAPTER I.

IN that part of the city of York which is situated on the western bank of the Ouse there is a narrow street called Skeldergate, which runs nearly north and south, parallel with the course of the river. The postern by which Skeldergate was formerly approached no longer exists, and the few old houses left in the street are disguised in melancholy modern costume of whitewash and cement. Shops of the smaller and poorer order, intermixed here and there with dingy warehouses and joyless private residences of red brick, compose the present aspect of Skeldergate. On the river side the houses are separated, at intervals, by lanes running down to the water, and disclosing lonely little plots of open ground, with the masts of sailing barges rising beyond. At its southward extremity the street ceases on a sudden, and the broad flow of the Ouse, the trees, the meadows, the public walk on one bank, and the towing-path on the other, open to view.



Here, where the street ends, and on the side of it farthest from the river, a narrow little lane leads up to the paved foot-way surmounting the ancient Walls of York. The one small row of buildings, which is all that the lane possesses, is composed of cheap lodging-houses, with an opposite view, at the distance of a few feet, of a portion of the massive city wall. This place is called Rosemary Lane. Very little light enters it; very few people live in it; the floating population of Skeldergate passes it by; and visitors to the Walk on the Walls, who use it as the way up or the way down, get out of the dreary little passage as fast as they can.

The door of one of the houses in this lost corner of York opened softly on the evening of the twenty-third of September, eighteen hundred and forty-six, and a solitary individual of the male sex sauntered into Skeldergate from the seclusion of Rosemary Lane.

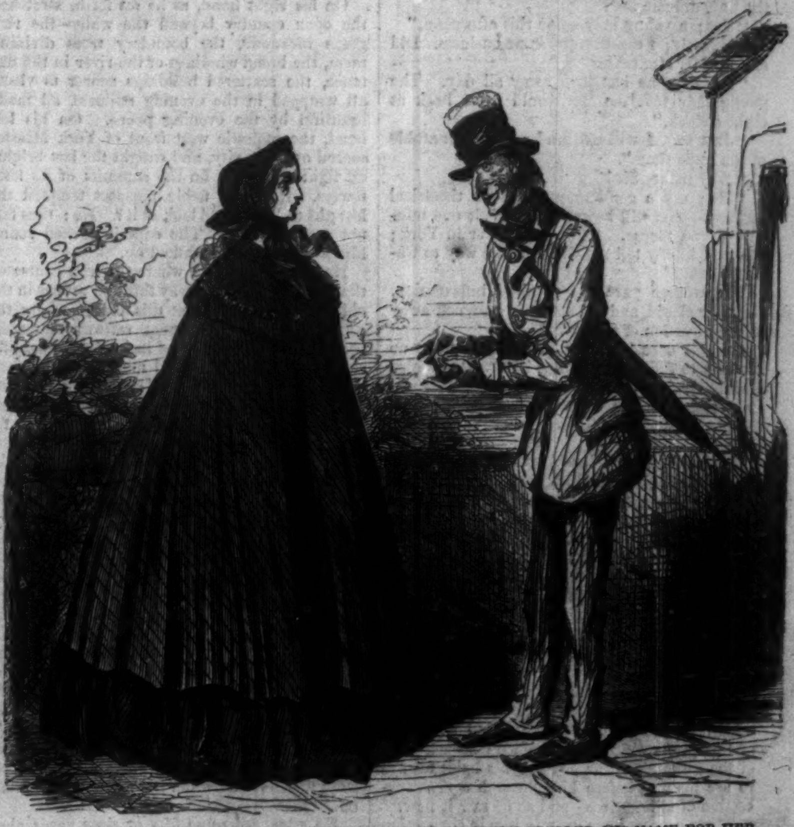
Turning northward, this person directed his steps toward the bridge over the Ouse and the busy centre of the city. He bore the external appearance of respectable poverty; he carried a gingham umbrella, preserved in an oilskin case; he picked his steps with the neatest avoidance of all dirty places on the pavement; and he surveyed the scene around him with eyes of two different colors—a bilious brown eye on the look out for employment, and a bilious green eye in a similar predicament. In plainer terms, the stranger from Rosemary Lane was no other than—Captain Wragge.

Outwardly speaking, the captain had not altered for the better since the memorable spring day when he had presented himself to Miss Garth at the lodge-gate of Combe-Raven. The railway mania of that famous year had attacked even the wary Wragge, had withdrawn him from his customary pursuits, and had left him prostrate in the end, like many a better man. He had lost his clerical appearance—he had faded with the autumn leaves. His crape hatband had put itself in brown mourning for its own bereavement of black. His dingy white collar and cravat had died the death of old linen, and had gone to their long home at the paper-maker's, to live again one day in quires at a stationer's shop. A gray shooting-jacket in the last stage of woolen atrophy replaced the black frock-coat of former times, and, like a faithful servant, kept the dark secret of its master's linen from the eyes of a prying world. From top to toe every square inch of the captain's clothing was altered for the worse; but the man himself remained unchanged—superior to all forms of moral mildew, impervious to the action of social rust. He was as courteous, as persuasive, as blandly dignified as ever. He carried his head as highly without a shirt collar as ever he had carried it with one. The threadbare black handkerchief round his neck was perfectly tied; his rotten old shoes were neatly blacked; he might have compared chins, in the matter of smooth shaving, with the highest church dignitary in York. Time, change, and poverty had all attacked the captain together, and had all failed alike to get him down on the ground. He paced the streets of York a man superior to clothes and circumstances, his vagabond varnish as bright on him as ever.

Arrived at the bridge, Captain Wragge stopped and looked idly over the parapet at the barges in the river. It was plainly evident that he had no particular destination to reach, and nothing whatever to do. While he was still loitering the clock of York Minster chimed the half hour past five. Cabs rattled by him over the bridge, on their way to meet the train from London at twenty minutes to six. After a moment's hesitation the captain sauntered after the cabs. When it is one of a man's regular habits to live upon his fellow-creatures, that man is always more or less fond of haunting large railway stations. Captain Wragge gleaned the human field; and on that unoccupied afternoon the York terminus was as likely a corner to look about in as any other.

He reached the platform a few minutes after the train had arrived. That entire incapability of devising administrative measures for the management of large crowds which is one of the national characteristics of Englishmen in authority, is nowhere more strikingly exemplified than at York. Three different lines of railway assemble three passenger mobs, from morning to night, under one roof, and leave them to raise a travelers' riot, with all the assistance which the bewildered servants of the company can render to increase the confusion. The customary disturbance was rising to its climax as Captain Wragge approached the platform. Dozens of different people were trying to attain dozens of different objects in dozens of different directions, all starting from the same common point, and all equally deprived of the means of information. A sudden parting of the crowd, near the second-class carriages, attracted the captain's curiosity. He pushed his way in, and found a decently-dressed man—assisted by a porter and a policeman—attempting to pick up some printed bills scattered from a paper parcel which his frenzied fellow-passengers had knocked out of his hand.

Offering his assistance in this emergency with the polite alacrity which marked his character,



"HE TUCKED HIS UMBRELLA UNDER HIS ARM, AND JOCOSELY SPELLED HIS NAME FOR HER FURTHER ENLIGHTENMENT."

Captain Wragge observed the three startling words, "Fifty Pounds Reward," printed in capital letters on the bills which he assisted in recovering; and instantly secreted one of them, to be more closely examined at the first convenient opportunity. As he crumpled up the bill in the palm of his hand his parti-colored eyes fixed with hungry interest on the proprietor of the unlucky parcel. When a man happens not to be possessed of fifty pence in his own pocket, if his heart is in the right place, it bounds—if his mouth is properly constituted, it waters—at the sight of another man who carries about with him a printed offer of fifty pounds sterling addressed to his fellow-creatures.

The unfortunate traveler wrapped up his parcel as he best might, and made his way off the platform, after addressing an inquiry to the first official victim of the day's passenger-traffic who was sufficiently in possession of his senses to listen to it. Leaving the station for the river-side, which was close at hand, the stranger entered the ferry-boat at the North Street Postern. The captain, who had carefully dogged his steps thus far, entered the boat also, and employed the short interval of transit to the opposite bank in a perusal of the hand-bill which he had kept for his own private enlightenment. With his back carefully turned on the traveler, Captain Wragge now possessed his mind of the following lines:

> FIFTY POUNDS REWARD.
>
> Left her home, in London, early on the morning of September 23d, 1846, A Young Lady. Age—eighteen. Dress—deep mourning. Personal appearance—hair of a very light brown; eyebrows and eyelashes darker; eyes light gray; complexion strikingly pale; lower part of her face large and full; tall, upright figure; walks with remarkable grace and ease; speaks with openness and resolution; has the manners and habits of a refined, cultivated lady. Personal marks—two little moles, close together, on the left side of the neck. Mark on the under-clothing—"Magdalen Vanstone." Is supposed to have joined, or attempted to join, under an assumed name, a theatrical company now performing at York. Had, when she left London, one black box, and no other luggage. Whoever will give such information as will restore her to her friends will receive the above Reward. Apply at the office of Mr. Harkness, solicitor, Coney Street, York. Or to Messrs. Wyatt, Pendril, and Gwilt, Searle Street, Lincoln's Inn, London.

Accustomed as Captain Wragge was to keep the completest possession of himself in all human emergencies, his own profound astonishment, when the course of his reading brought him to the mark on the linen of the missing young lady, betrayed him into an exclamation of surprise which even startled the ferryman. The traveler was less observant; his whole attention was fixed on the opposite bank of the river, and he left the boat hastily the moment it touched the landing-place. Captain Wragge recovered himself, pocketed the hand-bill, and followed his leader for the second time.

The stranger directed his steps to the nearest street which ran down to the river, compared a note in his pocket-book with the numbers of the houses on the left-hand side, stopped at one of them, and rang the bell. The captain went on to the next house, affected to ring the bell in his turn, and stood with his back to the traveler—in appearance, waiting to be let in; in reality, listening with all his might for any scraps of dialogue which might reach his ears on the opening of the door behind him.

The door was answered with all due alacrity, and a sufficiently instructive interchange of question and answer on the threshold rewarded the dexterity of Captain Wragge.

"Does Mr. Huxtable live here?" asked the traveler.

"Yes, Sir," was the answer, in a woman's voice.

"Is he at home?"

"Not at home now, Sir; but he will be in again at eight to-night."

"I think a young lady called here early in the day, did she not?"

"Yes; a young lady came this afternoon."

"Exactly; I come on the same business. Did she see Mr. Huxtable?"

"No, Sir; he has been away all day. The young lady told me she would come back at eight o'clock."

"Just so. I will call and see Mr. Huxtable at the same time."

"Any name, Sir?"

"No; say a gentleman called on theatrical business—that will be enough. Wait one minute, if you please. I am a stranger in York; will you kindly tell me which is the way to Coney Street?"

The woman gave the required information, the door closed, and the stranger hastened away in the direction of Coney Street.

On this occasion Captain Wragge made no attempt to follow him. The hand-bill revealed plainly enough that the man's next object was to complete the necessary arrangements with the local solicitor on the subject of the promised reward.

Having seen and heard enough for his immediate purpose, the captain retraced his steps down the street, turned to the right, and entered on the Esplanade, which, in that quarter of the city, borders the river-side between the swimming-baths and Lendal Tower. "This is a family matter," said Captain Wragge to himself, persisting, from sheer force of habit, in the old assertion of his relationship to Magdalen's mother; "I must consider it in all its bearings." He tucked the umbrella under his arm, crossed his hands behind him, and lowered himself gently into the abyss of his own reflections. The order and propriety observable in the captain's shabby garments accurately typified the order and propriety which distinguished the operations of the captain's mind. It was his habit always to see his way before him through a neat succession of alternatives—and so he saw it now.

Three courses were open to him in connection with the remarkable discovery which he had just made. The first course was to do nothing in the matter at all. Inadmissible, on family grounds: equally inadmissible on pecuniary grounds: rejected accordingly. The second course was to deserve the gratitude of the young lady's friends, rated at fifty pounds. The third course was by a timely warning to deserve the gratitude of the young lady herself, rated—at an unknown figure. Between these last two alternatives the wary Wragge hesitated; not from doubt of Magdalen's pecuniary resources, for he was totally ignorant of the circumstances which had deprived the sisters of their inheritance—but from doubt whether an obstacle, in the shape of an undiscovered gentleman, might not be privately connected with her disappearance from home. After mature reflection he determined to pause and be guided by circumstances. In the mean time the first consideration was to be beforehand with the messenger from London, and to lay hands securely on the young lady herself.

"I feel for this misguided girl," mused the captain, solemnly strutting backward and forward by the lonely river-side. "I always have looked upon her—I always shall look upon her—in the light of a niece."

Where was the adopted relative at that moment? In other words, how was a young lady, in Magdalen's critical position, likely to while away the hours until Mr. Huxtable's return? If there was an obstructive gentleman in the back-ground it would be mere waste of time to pursue the question. But if the inference which the hand-bill suggested was correct—if she was really alone, at that moment, in the city of York—where was she likely to be?

Not in the crowded thoroughfares, to begin with. Not viewing the objects of interest in the Minster, for it was now past the hour at which the cathedral could be seen. Was she in the waiting-room at the railway? She would hardly run that risk. Was she in one of the hotels? Doubtful, considering that she was entirely by herself. In a pastry-cook's shop? Far more likely. Driving about in a cab? Possible, certainly; but no more. Loitering away the time in some quiet locality out of doors? Likely enough, again, on that fine autumn evening. The captain paused, weighed the relative claims on his attention of the quiet locality and the pastry-cook's shop; and decided for the first of the two. There was time enough to find her at the pastry-cook's, to inquire after her at the principal hotels, or, finally, to intercept her in Mr. Huxtable's immediate neighborhood, from seven to eight. While the light lasted the wise course was to use it in looking for her out of doors. Where? The Esplanade was a quiet locality; but she was not there—not on the lonely road beyond, which ran back by the Abbey Wall. Where next? The captain stopped, looked across the river, brightened under the influence of a new idea, and suddenly hastened back to the ferry.

"The Walk on the Walls," thought this judicious man, with a twinkle of his parti-colored eyes. "The quietest place in York, and the place that every stranger goes to see."

In ten minutes more Captain Wragge was exploring the new field of search. He mounted to the walls (which inclose the whole western portion of the city) by the North Street Postern, from which the walk winds round until it ends again at its southernly extremity in the narrow passage of Rosemary Lane. It was then twenty minutes to seven. The sun had set more than half an hour since; the red light lay broad and low in the cloudless western heaven; all visible objects were softening in the tender twilight but were not darkening yet. The first few lamps lit in the street below looked like faint little specks of yellow light as the captain started on his walk through one of the most striking scenes which England can show.

On his right hand, as he set forth, stretched the open country beyond the walls—the rich green meadows, the boundary trees dividing them, the broad windings of the river in the distance, the scattered buildings nearer to view; all wrapped in the evening stillness, all made beautiful by the evening peace. On his left hand, the majestic west front of York Minster soared over the city, and caught the last brightest light of heaven on the summits of its lofty towers. Had this noble prospect tempted the lost girl to linger and look at it? No; thus far, not a sign of her. The captain looked round him attentively and walked on.

He reached the spot where the iron course of the railroad strikes its way through arches in the old wall. He paused at this place—where the central activity of a great railway enterprise beats with all the pulses of its loud-clanging life, side by side with the dead majesty of the past, deep under the old historic stones which tell of fortified York and the sieges of two centuries since—he stood on this spot and searched for her again, and searched in vain. Others were looking idly down at the desolate activity on the wilderness of the iron rails; but she was not among them. The captain glanced doubtfully at the darkening sky, and walked on.

He stopped again where the postern of Micklegate still stands, and still strengthens the city wall as of old. Here the paved walk descends a few steps, passes through the dark stone guard-room of the ancient gate, ascends again, and continues its course southward until the walls reach the river once more. He paused, and peered anxiously into the dim inner corners of the old guard-room. Was she waiting there for the darkness to come and hide her from prying eyes? No; a solitary workman loitered through the stone chamber, but no other living creature stirred in the place. The captain mounted the steps which led out from the postern, and walked on.

He advanced some fifty or sixty yards along the paved foot-way; the outlying suburbs of York on one side of him, a rope-walk and some patches of kitchen garden occupying a vacant strip of ground on the other. He advanced with eager eyes and quickened step—for he saw before him the lonely figure of a woman, standing by the parapet of the wall, with her face set toward the westward view. He approached cautiously, to make sure of her before she turned and observed him. There was no mistaking that tall dark figure as it rested against the parapet with a listless grace. There she stood, in her long black cloak and gown, the last dim light of evening falling tenderly on her pale, resolute young face. There she stood—not three months since the spoiled darling of her parents, the priceless treasure of the household, never left unprotected, never trusted alone—there she stood in the lovely dawn of her womanhood, a castaway in a strange city, wrecked on the world!

Vagabond as he was, the first sight of her staggered even the dauntless assurance of Captain Wragge. As she slowly turned her face and looked at him he raised his hat with the nearest approach to respect which a long life of unblushing audacity had left him capable of making.

"I think I have the honor of addressing the younger Miss Vanstone?" he began. "Deeply gratified, I am sure, for more reasons than one."

She looked at him with a cold surprise. No recollection of the day when he had followed her sister and herself on their way home with Miss Garth rose in her memory while he now confronted her with his altered manner and his altered dress.

"I think you are mistaken," she said, quietly. "You are a perfect stranger to me."

"Pardon me," replied the captain; "I am a species of relation. I had the pleasure of seeing you in the spring of the present year. I presented myself on that memorable occasion to an honored preceptress in your late father's family. Permit me, under equally agreeable circumstances, to present myself to *you*. My name is Wragge."

By this time he had recovered complete possession of his own impudence; his parti-colored eyes twinkled cheerfully, and he accompanied his modest announcement of himself with a dancing-master's bow.

Magdalen frowned and drew back a step. The captain was not a man to be daunted by a cold reception. He tucked his umbrella under his arm, and jocosely spelled his name for her further enlightenment. "W, R, A, double G, E—Wragge," said the captain, ticking off the letters persuasively on his fingers.

"I remember your name," said Magdalen. "Excuse me for leaving you abruptly. I have an engagement."

She tried to pass him and walk on northward toward the railway. He instantly met the attempt by raising both hands, and displaying a pair of darned black gloves outspread in polite protest.

"Not that way," he said; "not that way, Miss Vanstone, I beg and entreat!"

"Why not?" she asked, haughtily.

"Because," answered the captain, "that is the way which leads to Mr. Huxtable's."

In the ungovernable astonishment of hearing his reply she suddenly bent forward, and for the first time looked him close in the face. He sustained her suspicious scrutiny with every appearance of feeling highly gratified by it. "H, U, X—Hux," said the captain, playfully, returning to the old joke; "T, A—ta, Huxta; B, L, E—ble, Huxtable."

"What do you know about Mr. Huxtable?" she asked. "What do you mean by mentioning him to me?"

The captain's curly lips took a new twist upward. He immediately replied, to the best practical purpose, by producing the hand-bill from his pocket.

"There is just light enough left," he said, "for young (and lovely) eyes to read by. Before I enter upon the personal statement which your flattering inquiry claims from me, pray bestow a moment's attention on this Document."

She took the hand-bill from him. By the last gleam of twilight she read the lines which set a price on her recovery—which published the description of her in pitiless print, like the description of a strayed dog. No tender consideration had prepared her for the shock, no kind words softened it to her when it came. The vagabond whose cunning eyes watched her eagerly while she read knew no more that the hand-bill which he had stolen had only been prepared in anticipation of the worst, and was only to be publicly used in the event of all more considerate means of tracing her being tried in vain, than she knew it. The bill dropped from her hand; her face flushed deeply. She turned away from Captain Wragge, as if all idea of his existence had passed out of her mind.

"Oh, Norah, Norah!" she said to herself, sorrowfully. "After the letter I wrote you—after the hard struggle I had to go away! Oh, Norah! Norah!"

"How is Norah?" inquired the captain, with the utmost politeness.

She turned upon him with an angry brightness in her large gray eyes. "Is this thing shown publicly?" she asked, stamping her foot on it. "Is the mark on my neck described all over York?"

"Pray compose yourself," pleaded the persuasive Wragge. "At present I have every reason to believe that you have just perused the only copy in circulation. Allow me to pick it up."

Before he could touch the bill she snatched it from the pavement, tore it into fragments, and threw them over the wall.

"Bravo!" cried the captain, "you remind me of your poor dear mother. The family spirit, Miss Vanstone. We all inherit our hot blood from my maternal grandfather."

"How did you come by it?" she asked, suddenly.

"My dear creature, I have just told you," remonstrated the captain. "We all come by it from my maternal grandfather."

"How did you come by that hand-bill?" she repeated, passionately.

"I beg ten thousand pardons! My head was running on the family spirit.—How did I come by it? Briefly thus." Here Captain Wragge entered on his personal statement; taking his customary vocal exercise through the longest words in the English language, with the highest elocutionary relish. Having on this rare occasion nothing to gain by concealment he departed from his ordinary habits, and with the utmost amazement at the novelty of his own situation permitted himself to tell the unmitigated truth.

The effect of the narrative on Magdalen by no means fulfilled Captain Wragge's anticipations in relating it. She was not startled; she was not irritated; she showed no disposition to cast herself on his mercy and to seek his advice. She looked him steadily in the face, and all she said when he had neatly rounded his last sentence was—"Go on."

"Go on?" repeated the captain. "Shocked to disappoint you, I am sure—but the fact is, I have done."

"No, you have not," she rejoined; "you have left out the end of your story. The end of it is—You came here to look for me; and you mean to earn the fifty pounds reward."

Those plain words so completely staggered Captain Wragge that for the moment he stood speechless. But he had faced awkward truths of all sorts far too often to be permanently disconcerted by them. Before Magdalen could pursue her advantage the vagabond had recovered his balance; Wragge was himself again.

"Smart," said the captain, laughing indulgently, and drumming with his umbrella on the pavement. "Some men might take it seriously. I'm not easily offended. Try again."

Magdalen looked at him through the gathering darkness in mute perplexity. All her little experience of society had been experience among people who possessed a common sense of honor, and a common responsibility of social position. She had hitherto seen nothing but the successful human product from the great manufactory of Civilization. Here was one of the failures—and, with all her quickness, she was puzzled how to deal with it.

"Pardon me for returning to the subject," pursued the captain. "It has just occurred to my mind that you might actually have spoken in earnest. My poor child! how can I earn the fifty pounds before the reward is offered to me? Those hand-bills may not be publicly posted for a week to come. Precious as you are to all your relatives (myself included), take my word for it the lawyers who are managing this case will not pay fifty pounds for you if they can possibly help it. Are you still persuaded that my needy pockets are gaping for the money? Very good. Button them up, in spite of me, with your own fair fingers. There is a train to London at nine-forty-five to-night. Submit yourself to your friend's wishes, and go back by it."

"Never!" said Magdalen, firing at the bare suggestion, exactly as the captain had intended she should. "If my mind had not been made up before, that vile hand-bill would have decided me. I forgive Norah," she added, turning away, and speaking to herself, "but not Mr. Pendril, and not Miss Garth."

"Quite right!" observed Captain Wragge. "The family spirit. I should have done the same myself at your age: it runs in the blood. Hark! there goes the clock again—half past seven. Miss Vanstone, pardon this seasonable abruptness. If you are to carry out your resolution—if you are to be your own mistress much longer, you must take a course of some kind before eight o'clock. You are young, you are inexperienced, you are in imminent danger. Here is a position of emergency on one side—and here am I, on the other, with an uncle's interest in you, full of advice. Tap me."

"Suppose I choose to depend on nobody, and to act for myself?" said Magdalen. "What then?"

"Then," replied the captain, "you will walk straight into one of the four traps which are set to catch you in the ancient and interesting city of York. Trap the first, at Mr. Huxtable's house; trap the second, at all the hotels; trap the third, at the railway station; trap the fourth, at the theatre. That man with the hand-bills has had an hour at his disposal. If he has not set those four traps (with the assistance of the local solicitor) by this time he is not the competent lawyer's clerk I take him for. Come, come, my dear girl! if there is somebody else in the back-ground whose advice you prefer to mine—"

"You see that I am alone," she interposed, proudly. "If you knew me better, you would know that I depend on nobody but myself."

Those words decided the only doubt which now remained in the captain's mind—the doubt whether the course was clear before him. The motive of her flight from home was evidently what the hand-bills assumed it to be—a reckless fancy for going on the stage. "One of two things," thought Wragge to himself, in his logical way. "She's worth more than fifty pounds to me in her present situation, or she isn't. If she is, her friends may whistle for her! If she isn't, I have only to keep her till the bills are posted." Fortified by this simple plan of action the captain returned to the charge, and politely placed Magdalen between the two inevitable alternatives of trusting herself to him, on the one hand, or of returning to her friends, on the other.

"I respect independence of character wherever I find it," he said, with an air of virtuous severity. "In a young and lovely relative I more than respect—I admire it. But (excuse the bold assertion) to walk on a way of your own you must first have a way to walk on. Under existing circumstances, where is *your* way? Mr. Huxtable is out of the question, to begin with."

"Out of the question for to-night," said Magdalen; "but what hinders me from writing to Mr. Huxtable, and making my own private arrangements with him for to-morrow?"

"Granted, with all my heart—a hit, a palpable hit. Now for my turn. To get to to-morrow (excuse the bold assertion once more) you must first pass through to-night. Where are you to sleep?"

"Are there no hotels in York?"

"Excellent hotels for large families; excellent hotels for single gentlemen. The very worst hotels in the world for handsome young ladies who present themselves alone at the door without male escort, without a maid in attendance, and without a single article of luggage. Dark as it is, I think I could see a lady's box if there was any thing of the sort in our immediate neighborhood."

"My box is at the cloak-room. What is to prevent my sending the ticket for it?"

"Nothing—if you want to communicate your address by means of your box—nothing whatever. Think; pray think! Do you really suppose that the people who are looking for you are such fools as not to have an eye on the cloak-room? Do you think they are such fools—when they find you don't come to Mr. Huxtable's at eight to-night—as not to inquire at all the hotels? Do you think a young lady of your striking appearance (even if they consented to receive you) could take up her abode at an inn without becoming the subject of universal curiosity and remark? Here is night coming on as fast as it can. Don't let me bore you: only let me ask once more—Where are you to sleep?"

There was no answer to that question: in Magdalen's position there was literally no answer to it on her side. She was silent.

"Where are you to sleep?" repeated the captain. "The reply is obvious—under my roof. Mrs. Wragge will be charmed to see you. Look upon her as your aunt; pray look upon her as your aunt. The landlady is a widow, the house is close by, there are no other lodgers, and there is a bedroom to let. Can any thing be more satisfactory under all the circumstances? Pray observe, I say nothing about to-morrow—I leave to-morrow to you, and confine myself exclusively to the night. I may, or may not, command theatrical facilities which I am in a position to offer you. Sympathy and admiration may, or may not, be strong within me when I contemplate the dash and independence of your character. Hosts of examples of bright stars of the British drama, who have begun their apprenticeship to the stage as you are beginning yours, may, or may not, crowd on my memory. These are topics for the future. For the present I confine myself within my strict range of duty. We are within five minutes' walk of my present address. Allow me to offer you my arm. No? You hesitate? You distrust me? Good Heavens! is it possible you can have heard any thing to my disadvantage?"

"Quite possible," said Magdalen, without a moment's flinching from the answer.

"May I inquire the particulars?" asked the captain, with the politest composure. "Don't spare my feelings; oblige me by speaking out. In the plainest terms, now, what have you heard?"

She answered him with a woman's desperate disregard of consequences when she is driven to bay—she answered him instantly:

"I have heard you are a Rogue."

"Have you, indeed?" said the impenetrable Wragge. "A Rogue? Well! I waive my privilege of setting you right on that point for a fitter time. For the sake of argument, let us say I am Rogue. What is Mr. Huxtable?"

"A respectable man, or I should not have seen him in the house where we first met."

"Very good. Now observe! You talked of writing to Mr. Huxtable a minute ago. What do you think a respectable man is likely to do with a young lady who openly acknowledges that she has run away from her home and her friends to go on the stage? My dear girl, on your own showing, it's not a respectable man you want in your present predicament. It's a Rogue—like me."

Magdalen laughed bitterly.

"There is some truth in that," she said. "Thank you for recalling me to myself and my circumstances. I have my end to gain—and who am I to pick and choose the way of getting to it? It is my turn to beg pardon now. I have been talking as if I was a young lady of family and position. Absurd! We know better than that, don't we, Captain Wragge? You are quite right. Nobody's child must sleep under Somebody's roof—and why not yours?"

"This way," said the captain, dextrously profiting by the sudden change in her humor, and cunningly refraining from exasperating it by saying more himself. "This way."

She followed him a few steps, and suddenly stopped.

"Suppose I *am* discovered?" she broke out, abruptly. "Who has any authority over me? Who can take me back if I don't choose to go? If they all find me to-morrow, what then? Can't I say No to Mr. Pendril? Can't I trust my own courage with Miss Garth?"

"Can you trust your courage with your sister?" whispered the captain, who had not forgotten the references to Norah which had twice escaped her already.

Her head drooped. She shivered as if the cold night air had struck her, and leaned back wearily against the parapet of the wall.

"Not with Norah," she said, sadly. "I could trust myself with the others. Not with Norah."

"This way," repeated Captain Wragge. She roused herself; looked up at the darkening heaven, looked round at the darkening view. "What must be, must," she said, and followed him.

The Minster clock struck the quarter to eight as they left the Walk on the Wall and descended the steps into Rosemary Lane. Almost at the same moment the lawyer's clerk from London gave the last instructions to his subordinates, and took up his own position, on the opposite side of the river, within easy view of Mr. Huxtable's door.

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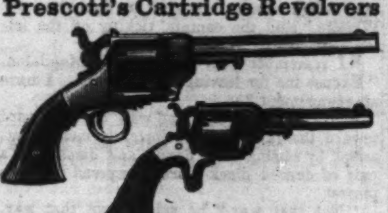

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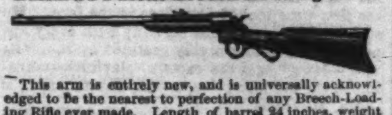

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